

DUNGEONS & DRAGONS™

FORGOTTEN REALMS® CLASSICS



JEFF
GRUBB

RAGS
MORALES

DAVE
SIMONS


RAGS
MORALES
JL-11



DUNGEONS & DRAGONS™

FORGOTTEN REALMS® CLASSICS

Forgotten Realms #9–14

Written by **Jeff Grubb**

Pencils by **Rags Morales**

Inks by **Dave Simons**

Colors by **Gene D'Angelo**

Letters by **Tim Harkins**

Original Edits by **Elliot S. Maggin**

TSR Worlds Annual #1

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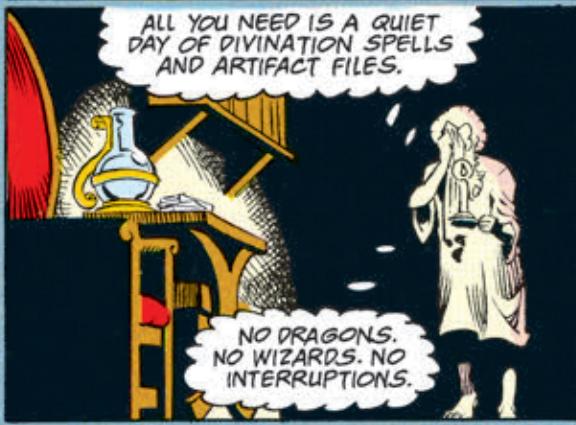
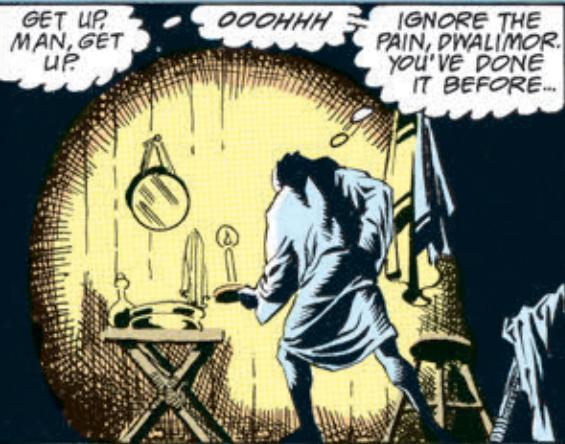
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Minder's Story: "The Day After"



the MORNING AFTER



CAPTAIN!
YOU UP?

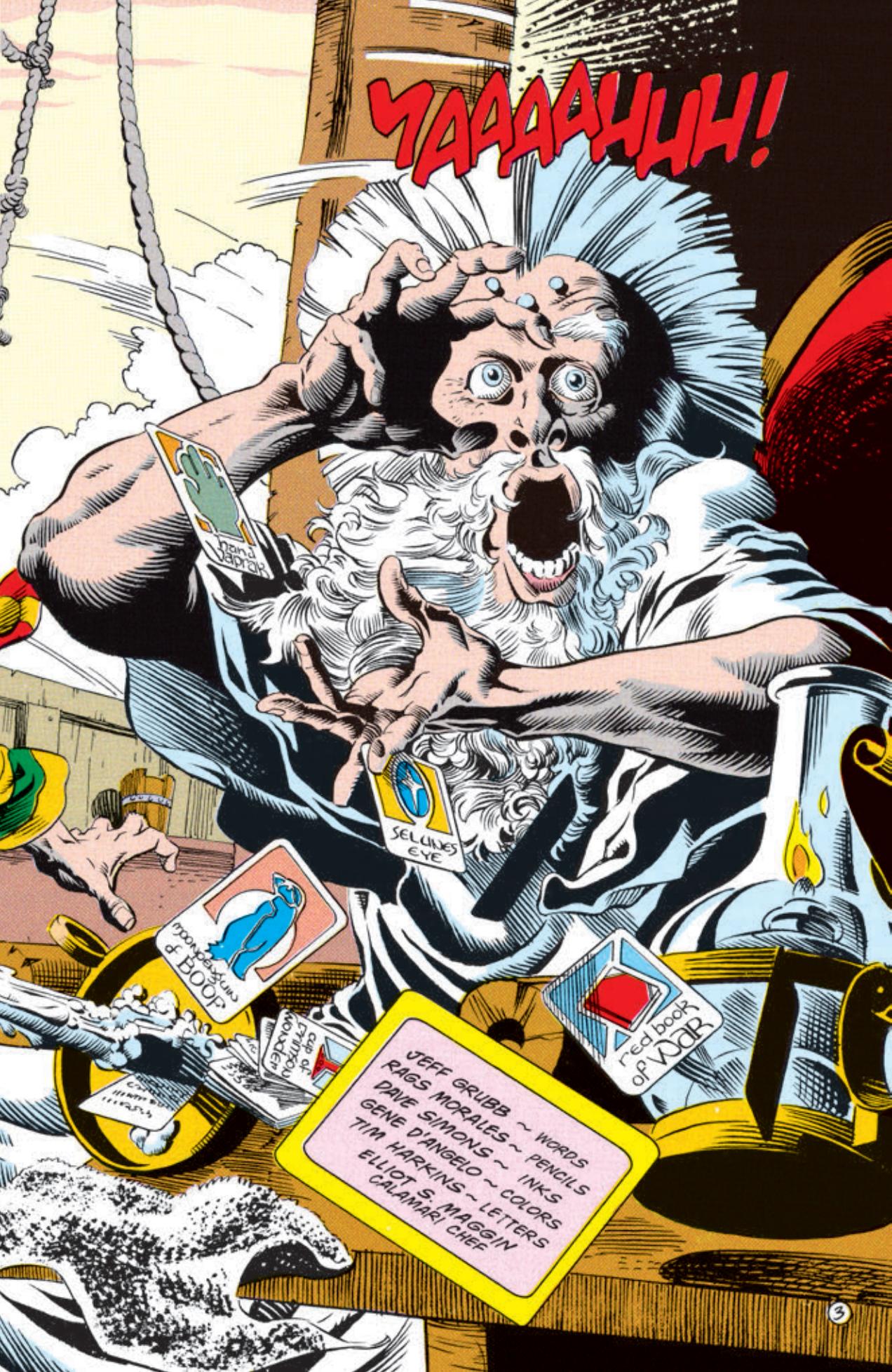
BOYOBODYBOY!

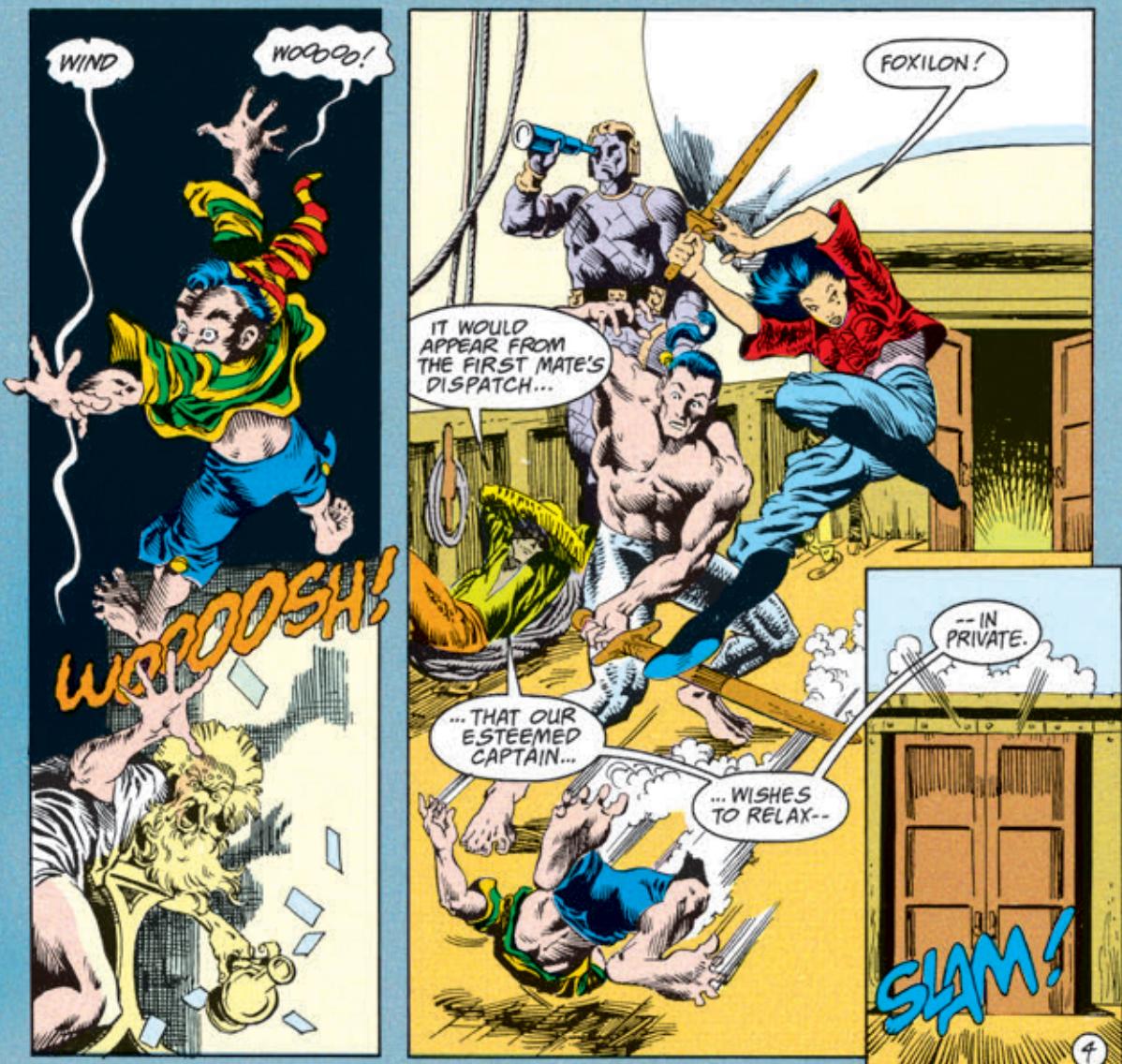
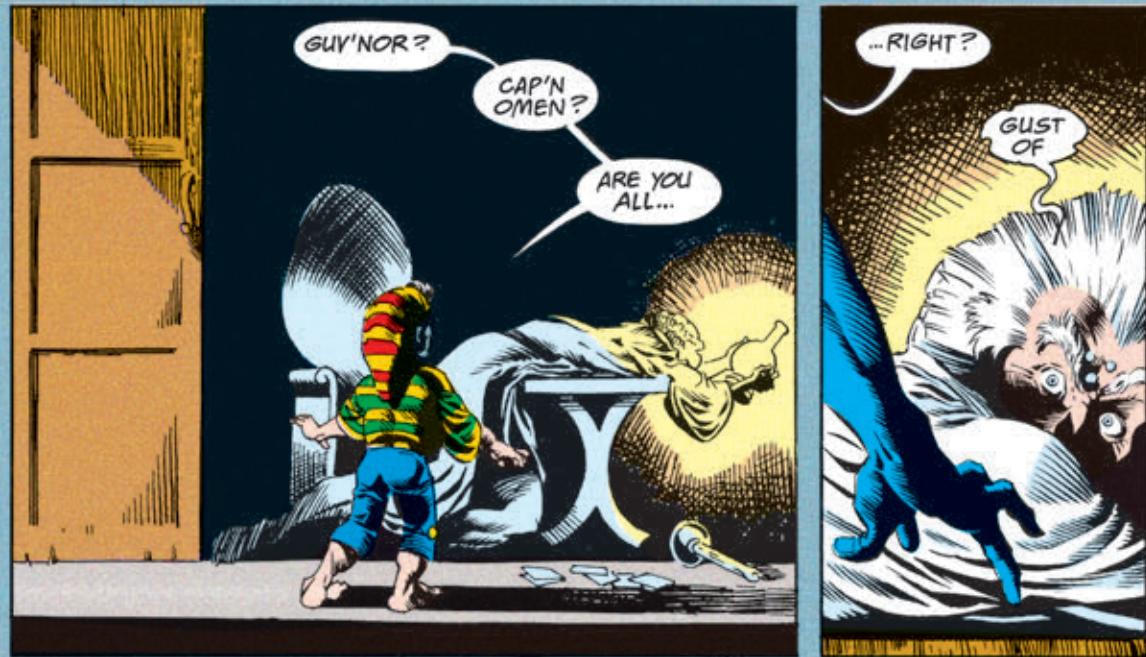
IT'S
BEAUTIFUL
OUTSIDE!!

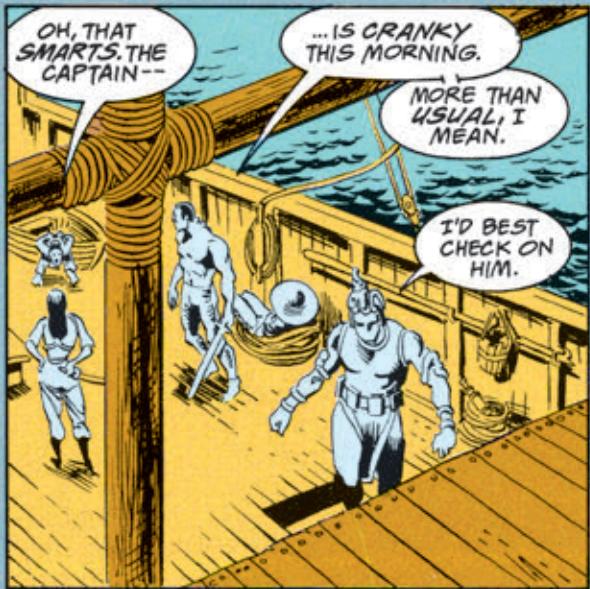
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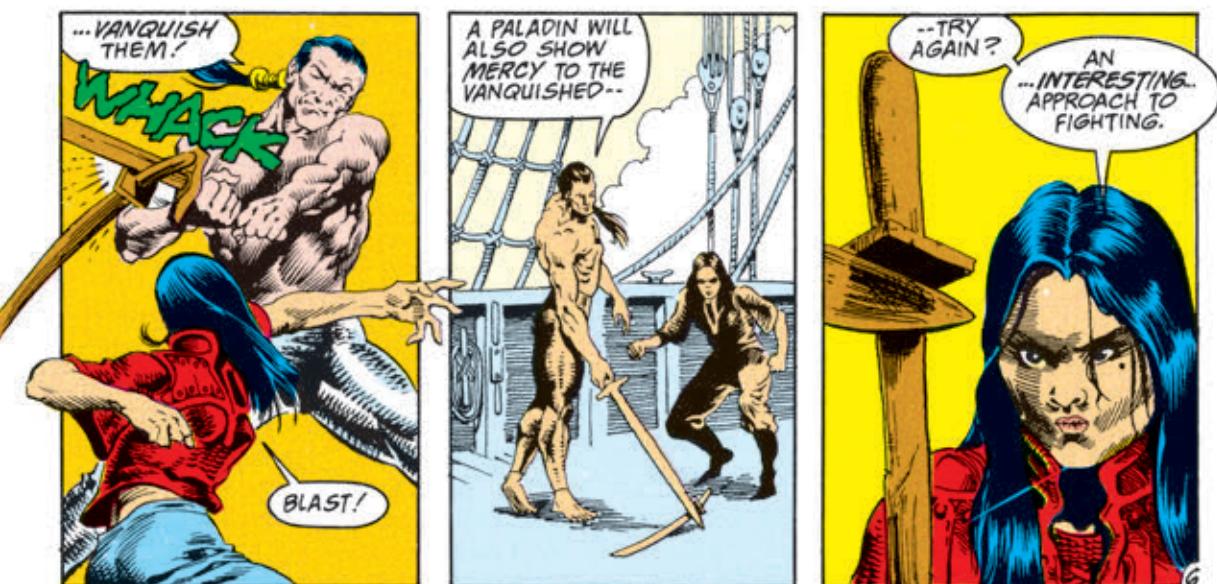
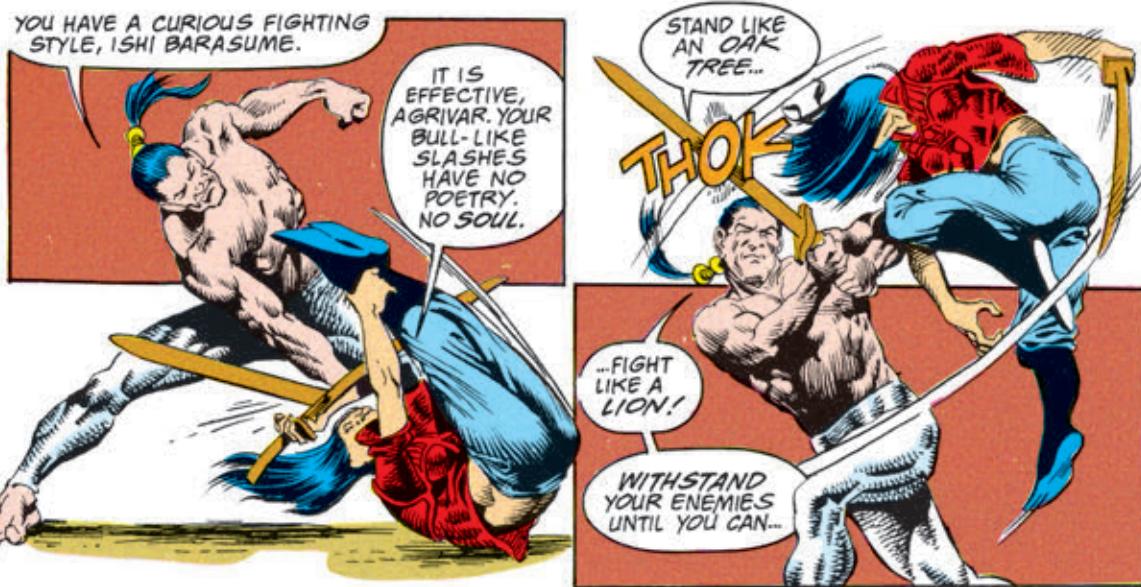


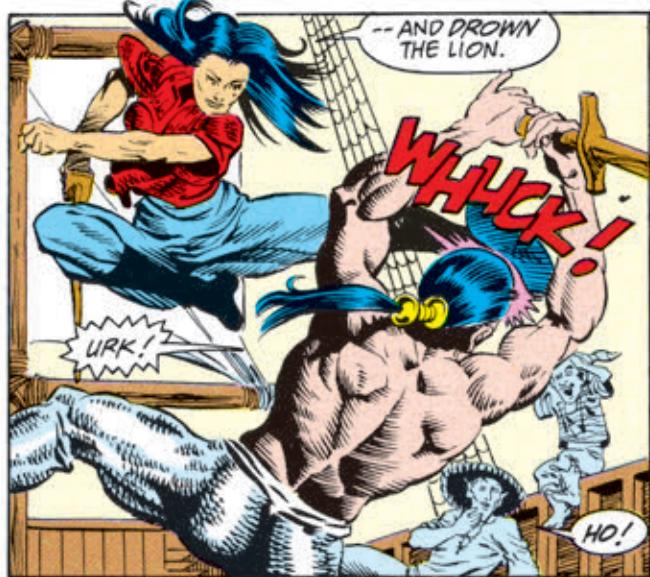
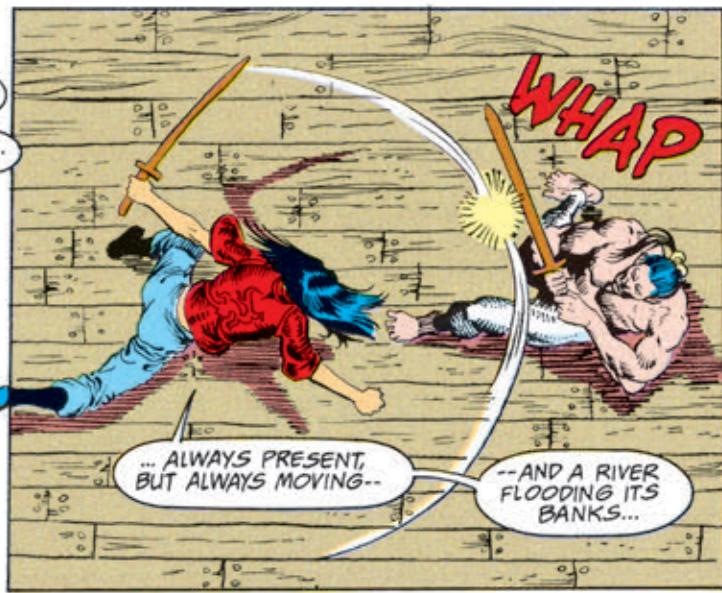
YAAAHHH!



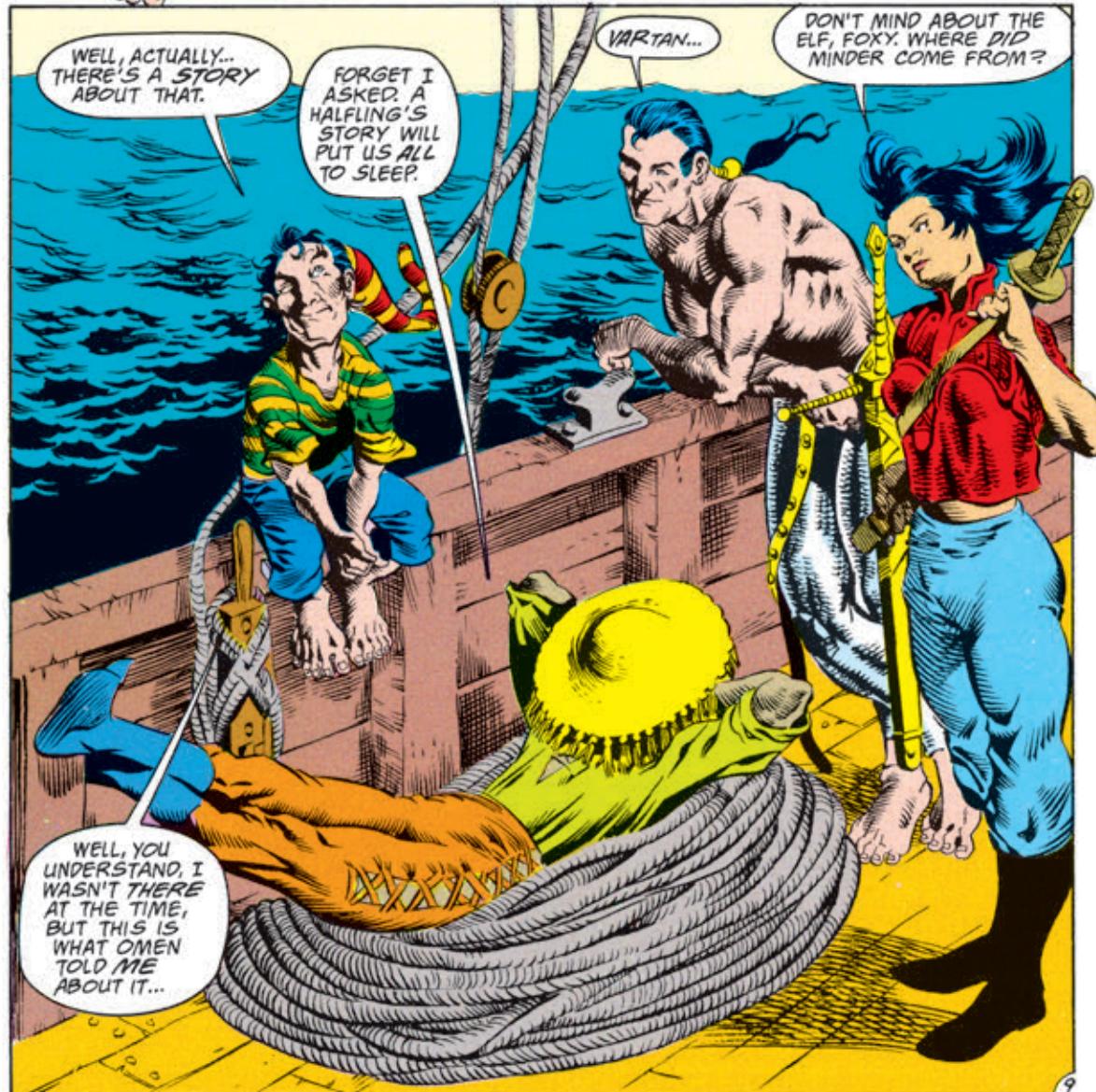


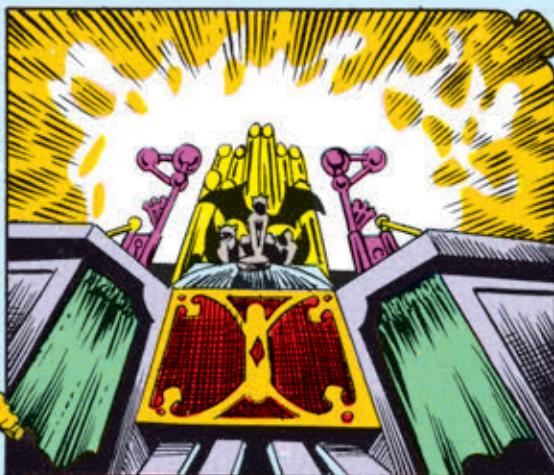












LONG AGO, THERE WERE THESE THREE COMPANIONS. A WIZARD (THAT'S OMEN), A BEAUTIFUL HUMAN FIGHTER, AND A DWARF. THIS WAS WAY BACK, WHEN OMEN WAS YOUNGER AND MORE SELF-CENTERED.

"MORE SELF-CENTERED?"

"VARTAN!"

THE THREE SET OUT ON A QUEST, FOR A GREAT AND POWERFUL ARTIFACT, THE ASTROLABE OF NIMBRAL.



THIS ASTROLABE NOW POWERS OUR SHIP. BUT BACK THEN IT WAS IN A FARAWAY MAGICAL ISLAND, CALLED NIMBRAL. HENCE THE NAME.

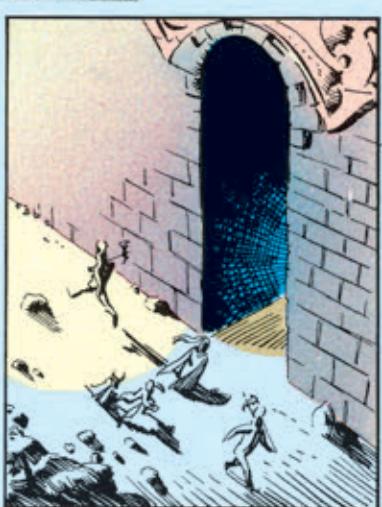
THE THREE MADE THEIR WAY TO NIMBRAL BY NIGHT, HAVING LEARNED HOW THE TREASURE WAS GUARDED BY GREASING MANY A PALM.



NIMBRAL WAS THE HOME OF POWERFUL MAGICS, RIVALLING HALRUAA ITSELF.



ITS GUARDS WORE ARMOR MADE OF GLASS, BUT HARD AS STEEL.



THEY THOUGHT THEIR ISOLATION AND REP-UTATION WOULD DETER THIEVES.

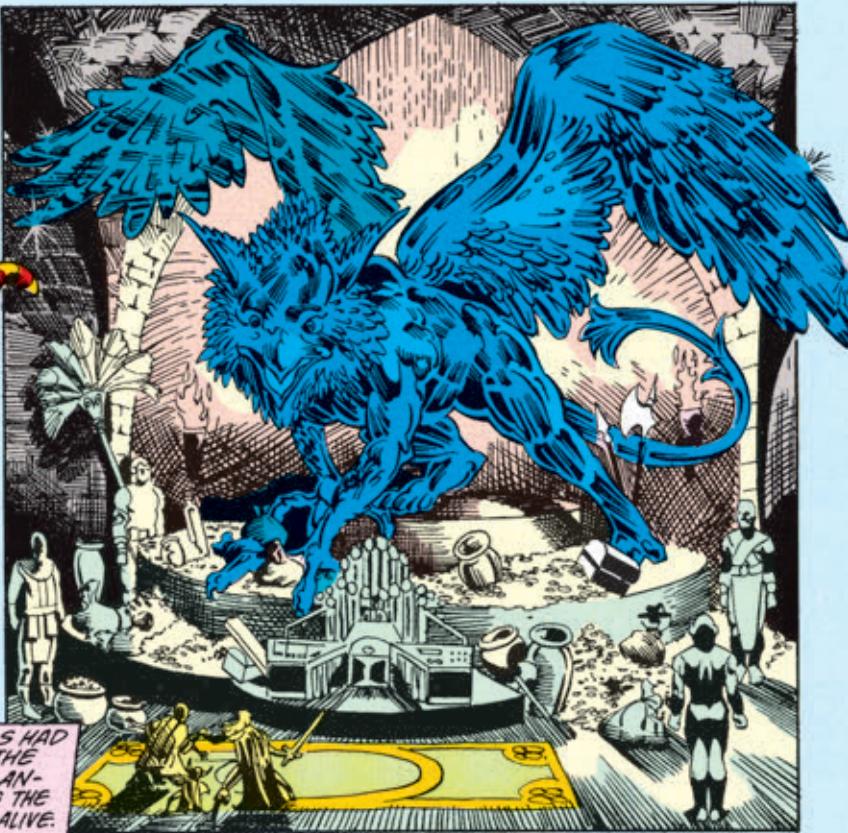
THEY WERE WRONG, OF COURSE.



THE COMPANIONS MADE THEIR WAY TO THE TREASURE CHAMBERS WHERE THE ASTROLABE LAY, AMONG PILES OF TREASURE AND GOLEM GUARDS MADE OF IRON, STONE, AND GLASS WHICH COULD COME TO LIFE AT A MOMENT'S ALARM.

BUT NO ONE EVER SOUNDED THE ALARM, SO THE GOLEMS JUST STOOD THERE, MUTE.

WHAT THE GREASED PALMS HAD FAILED TO MENTION WAS THE CRYSTALGRIFF, A GREAT, ANIMATED STATUE GUARDING THE TROVE. THIS STATUE WAS ALIVE. AND DANGEROUS.



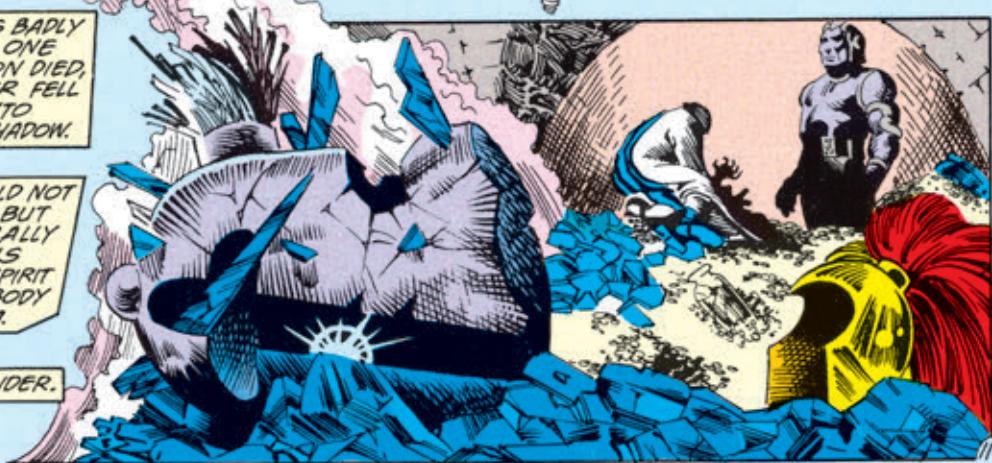
OMEN AND HIS ALLIES BATTLED NIGHTILY AGAINST THE CRYSTALGRIFF, AND BUSTED IT INTO A MILLION PIECES.

BUT THEIR VICTORY COST THEM.

OMEN WAS BADLY INJURED. ONE COMPANION DIED, THE OTHER FELL DEEPLY INTO DEATH'S SHADOW.

OMEN COULD NOT HEAL HER, BUT HE MAGICALLY PLACED HIS FRIEND'S SPIRIT INTO THE BODY OF GOLEM.

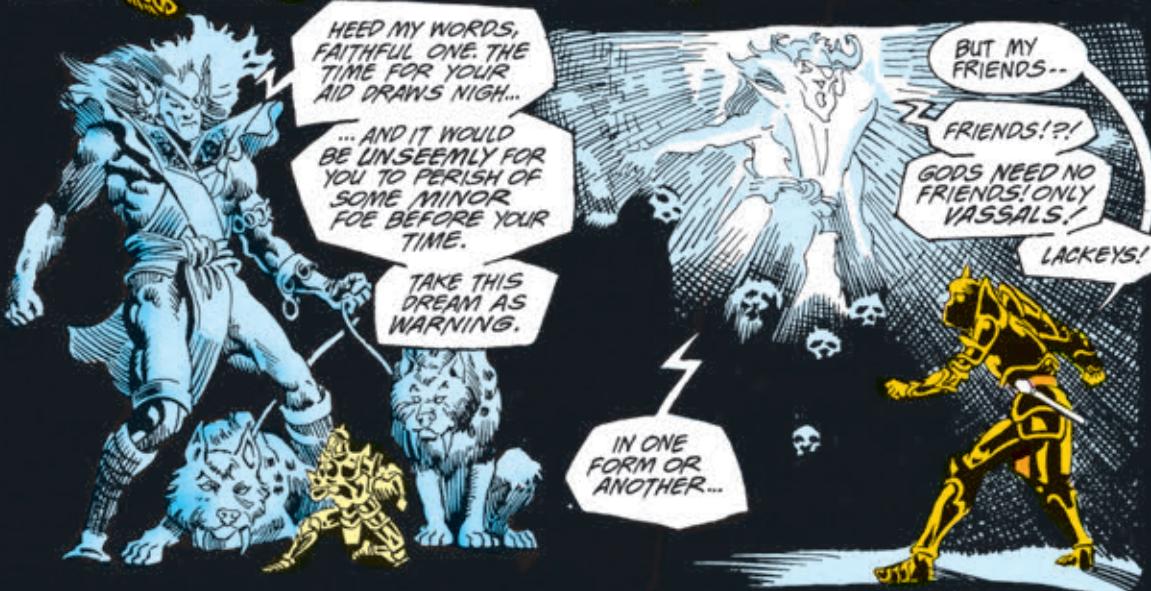
THUS, MINDER.



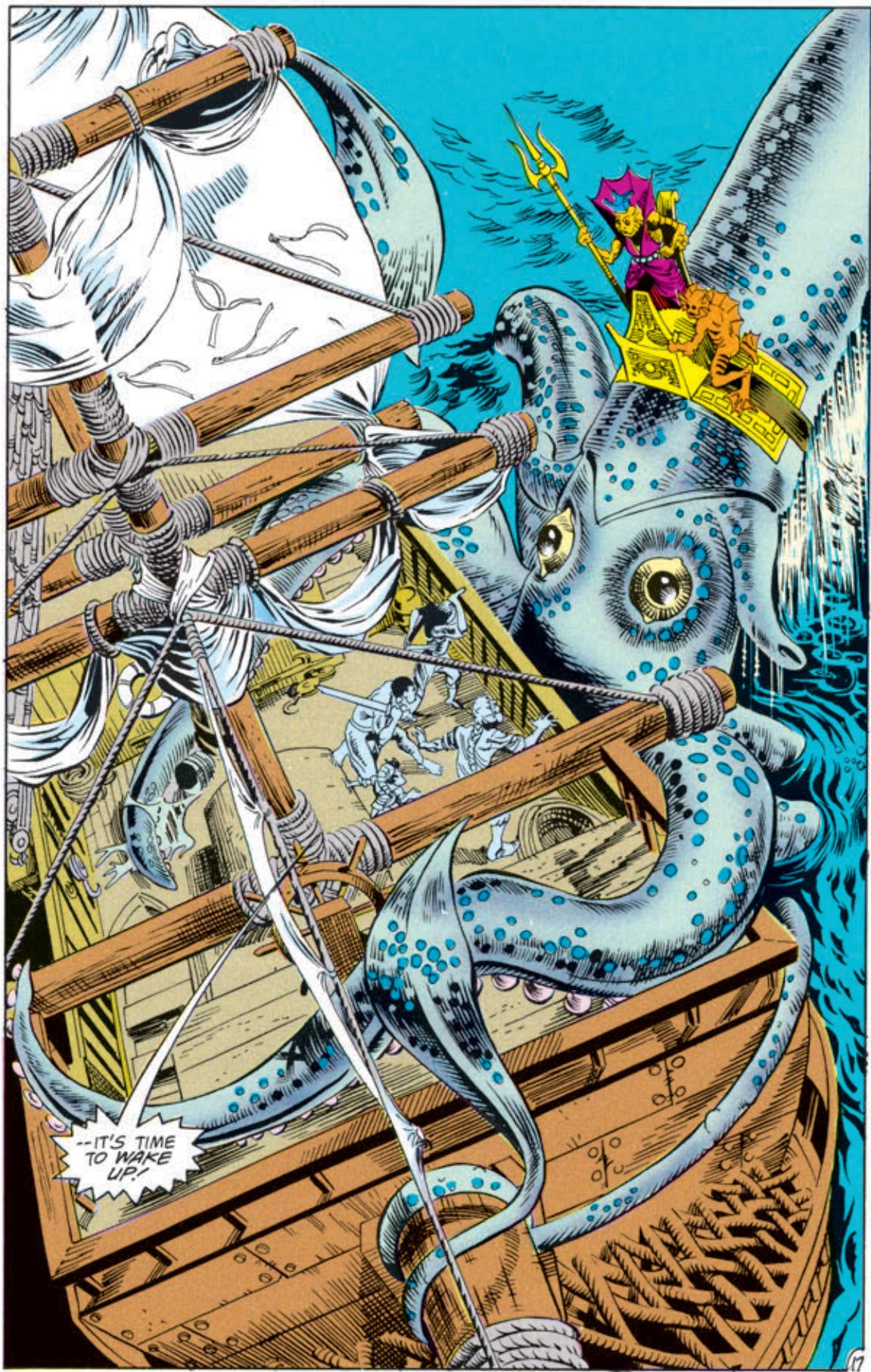




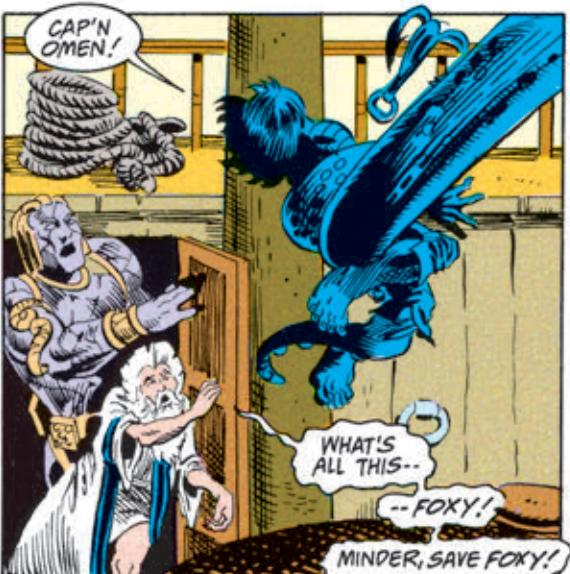
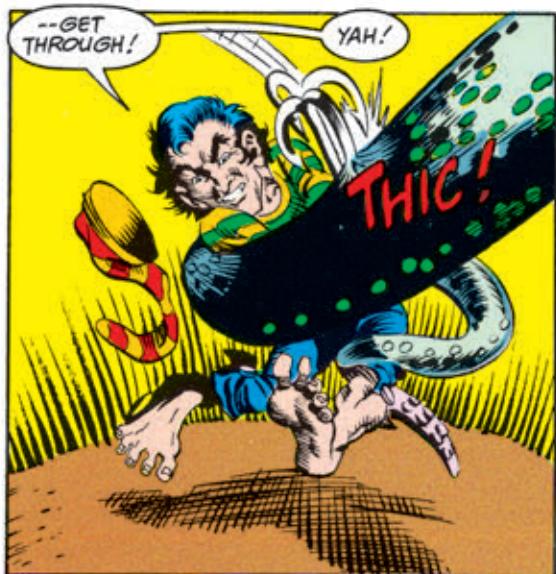
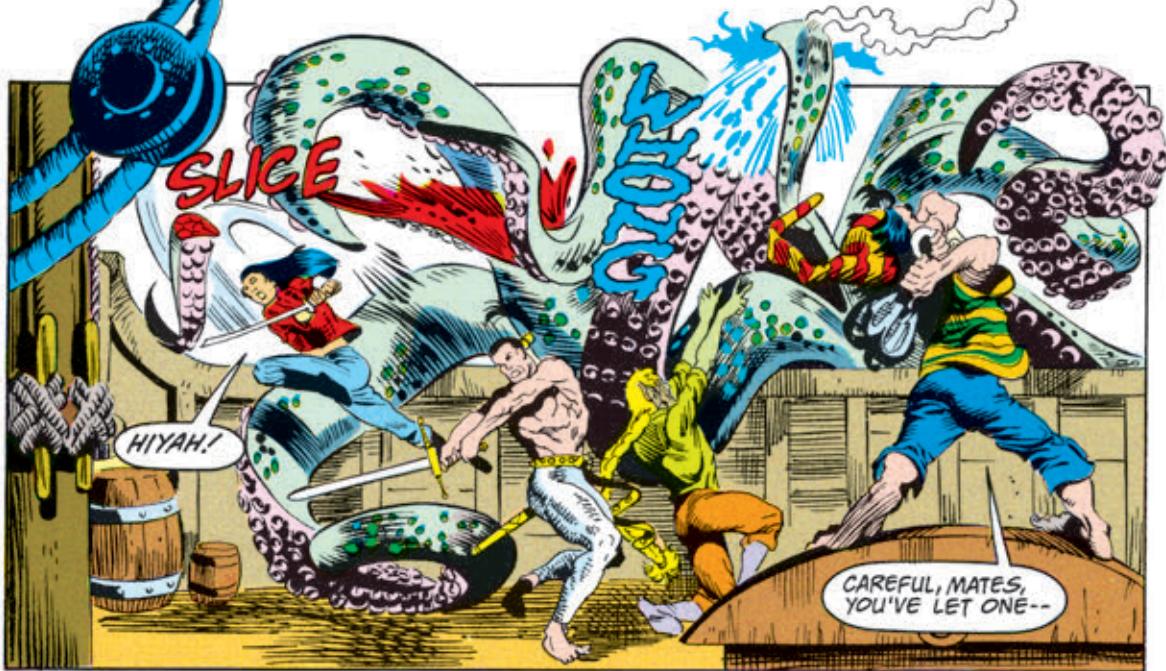


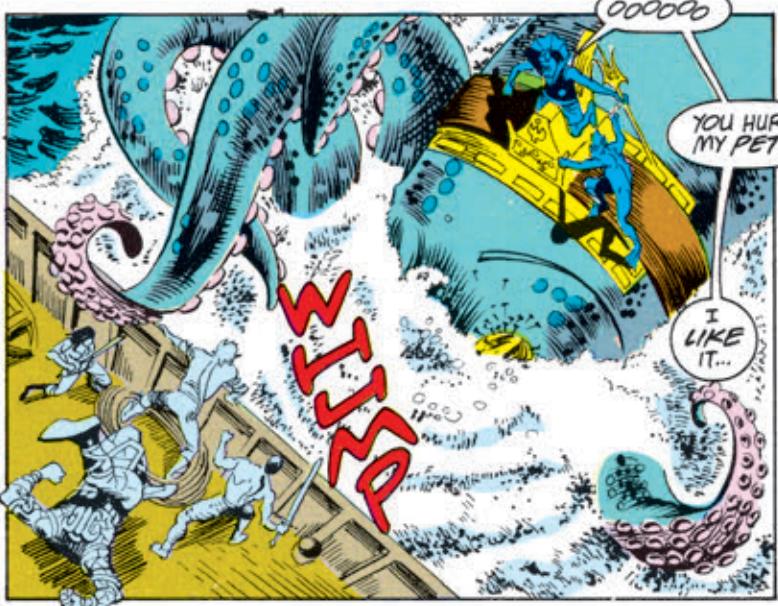
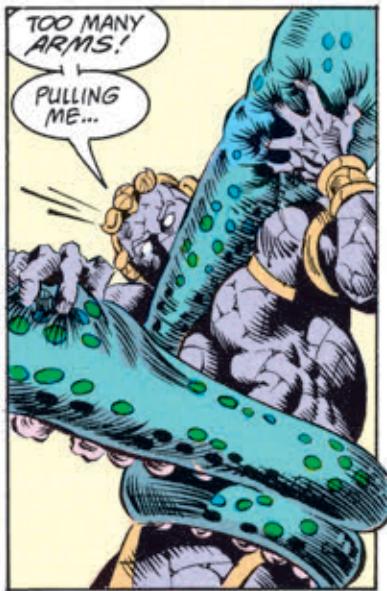
















BRAZZ BLOWN









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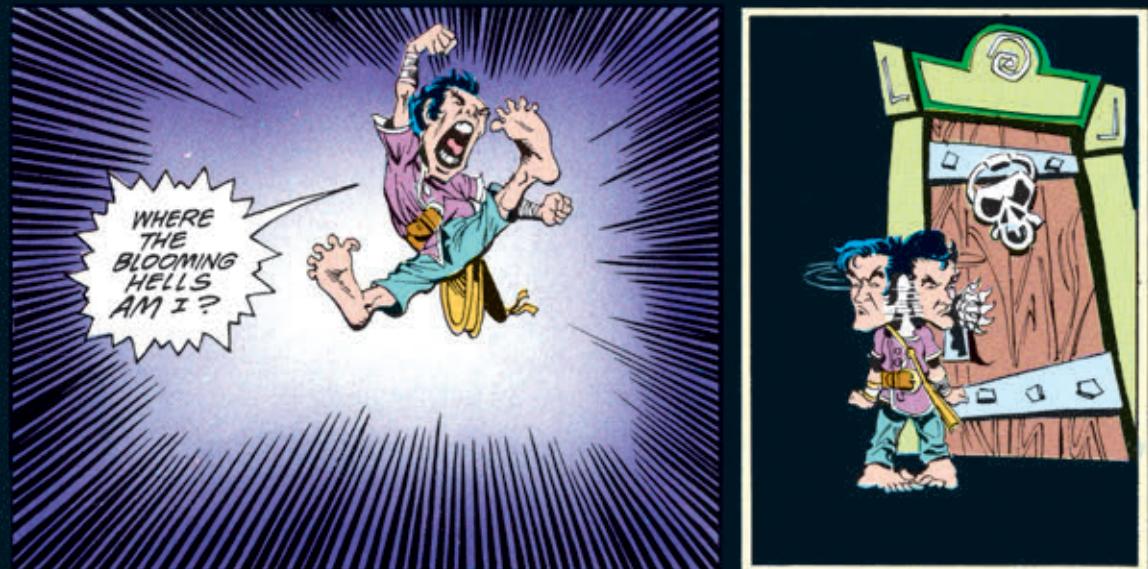
HEAD CHEEESE

HEAD CHEESE

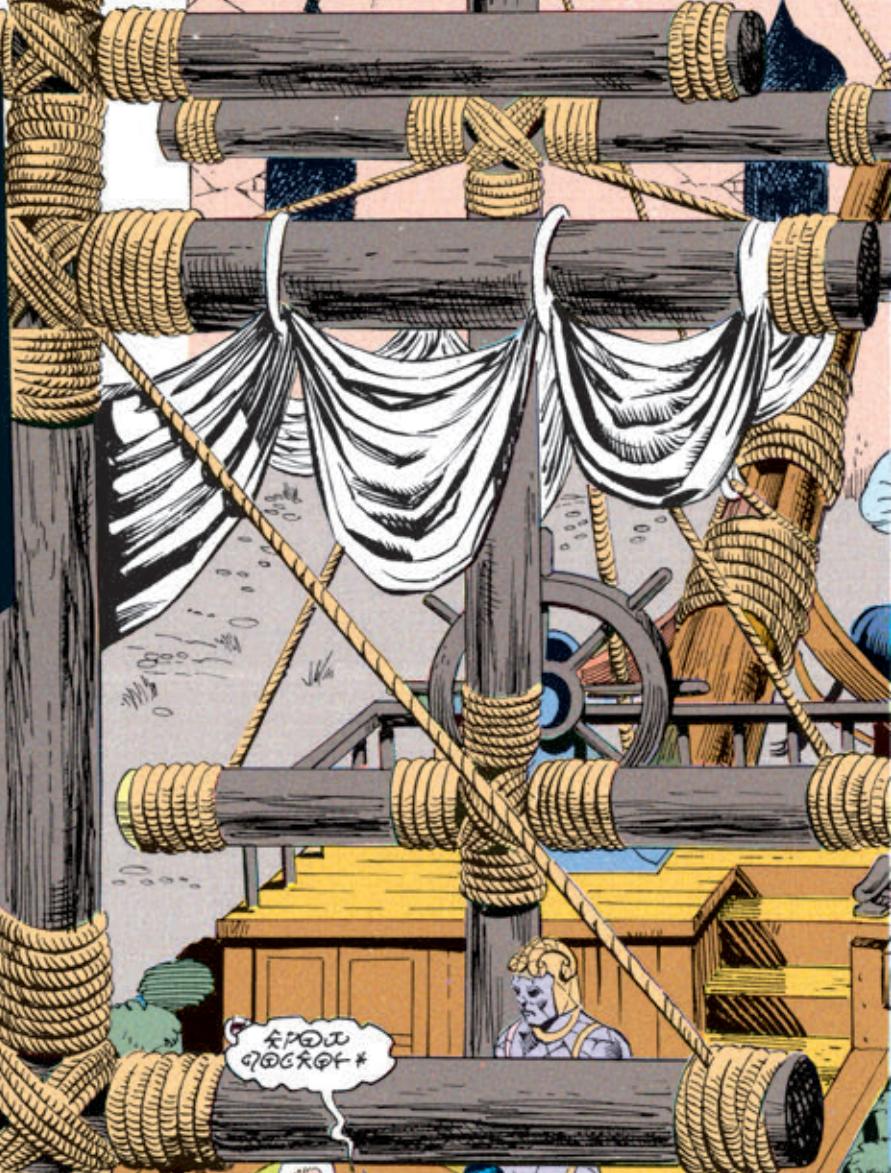
HULLO?







OH MY GODS.



* SLOW POISON.

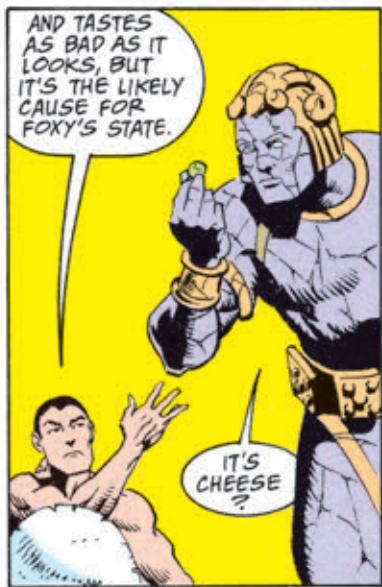


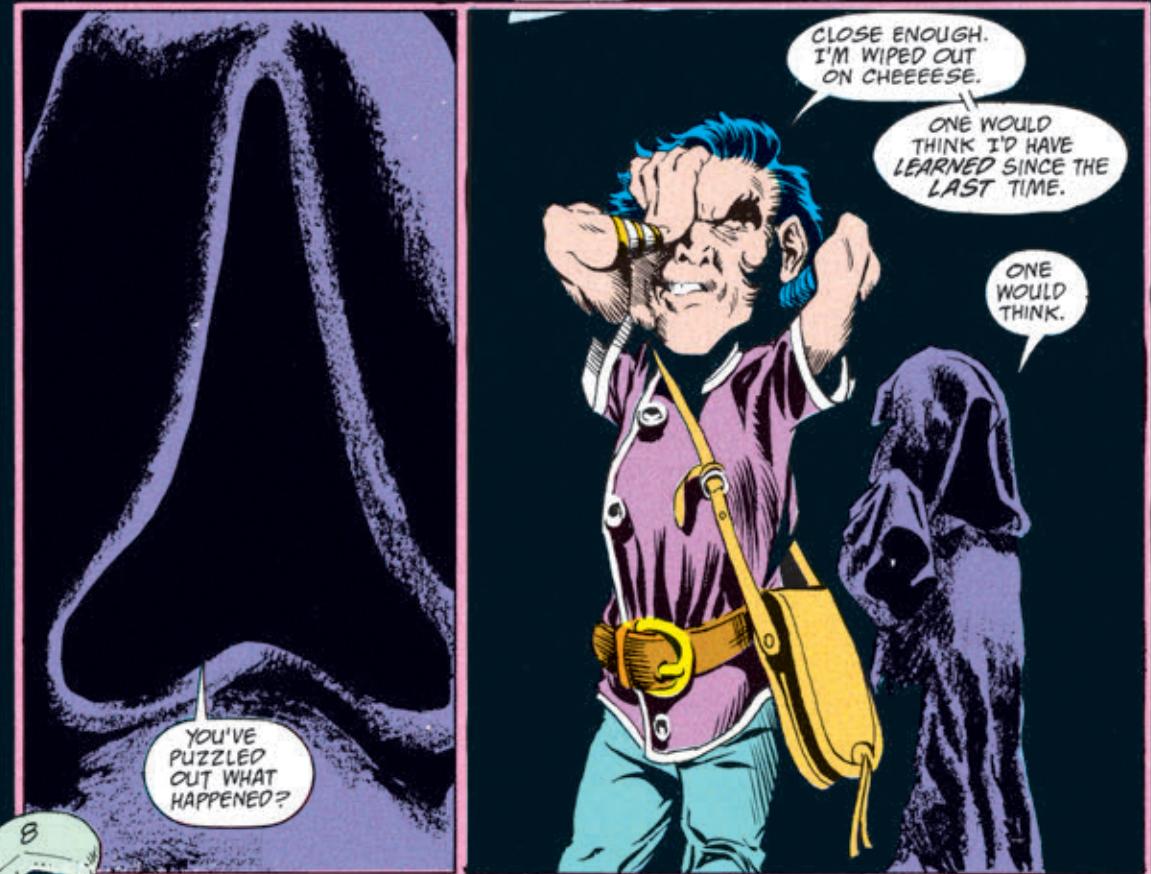
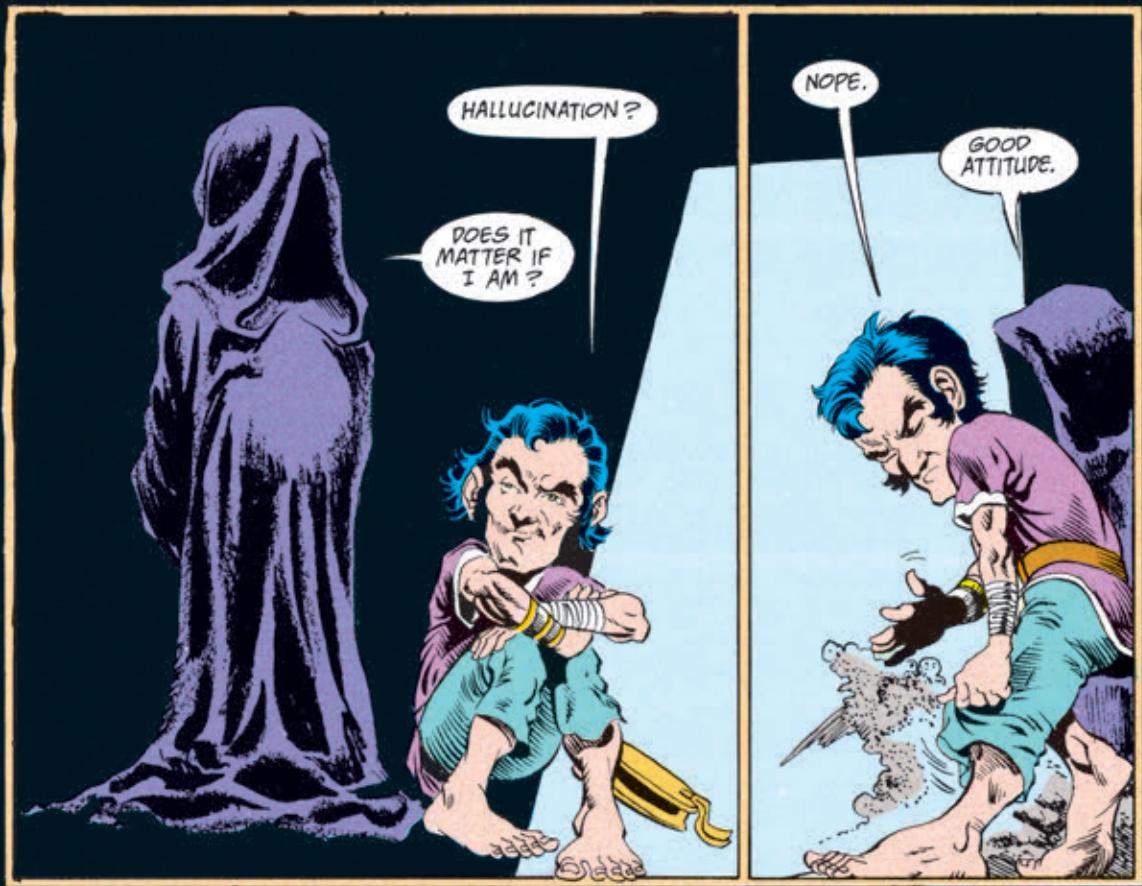
ANYTHING?













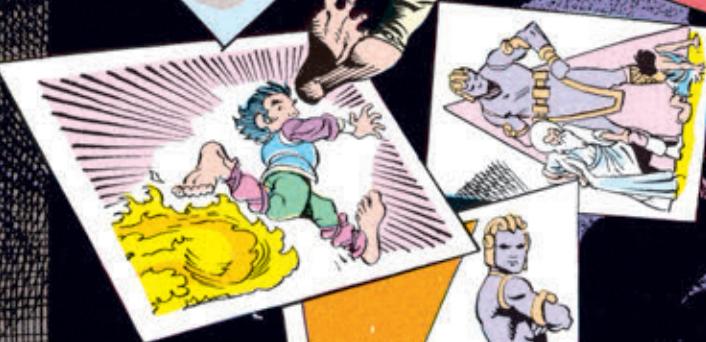
TIME.



ARRRRR!

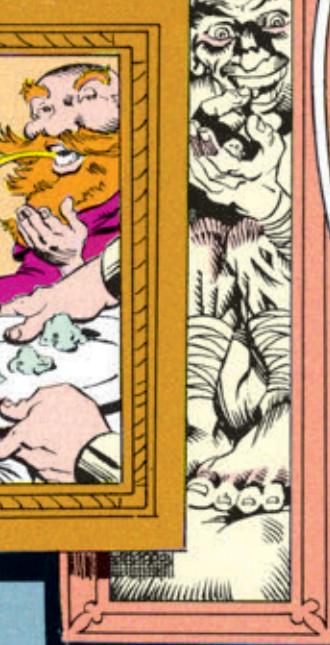
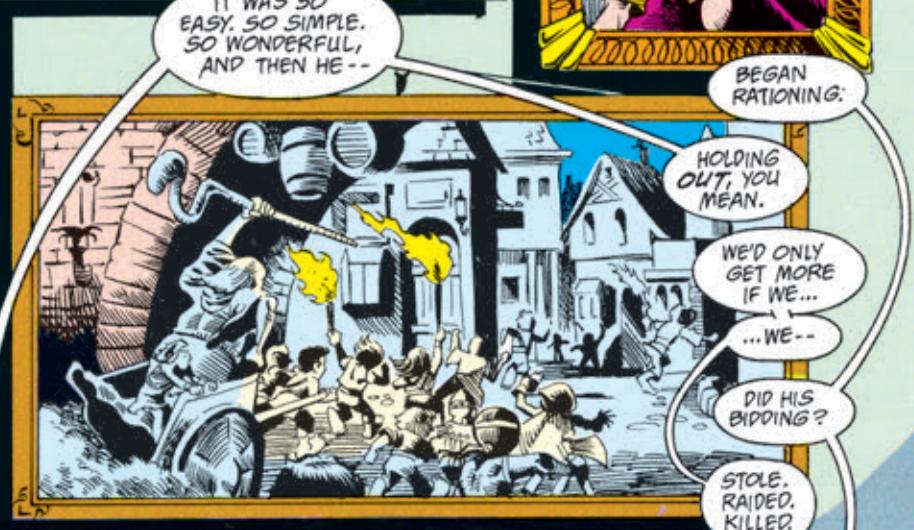


TOO LATE.









I WASN'T
REALLY MUCH
GOOD AT IT.

YOU WERE
NOT MUCH GOOD
FOR ANYTHING
WHEN OUT ON
CHEEESE.

SO THEY
PUT ME IN THE
ARENA.

FOR
JORIBEL'S
TWISTED
ENTERTAIN-
MENTS.

I HAD TO
DEFEND
MYSELF.

IF YOU
SAY SO.

JORIBEL WAS SICK. HE GOT OFF
ON HURTING PEOPLE. ON HURTING
HALFLINGS, HE DRAGGED US
DOWN WITH HIM.

BUT ALL THE
SAME, YOU AND
THE REST FOUGHT
AND SUFFERED
FOR YOUR REWARD.
FOR YOUR CHEEESE.

BUT YOU'RE
FORGETTING...

...I QUIT. I
BROKE THE HOLD.
I ESCAPED.

YES, YOUR
WILL WAS
STRONG.

YOUR HEART
PURE.

AT LEAST UNTIL
THE CHEEESE
TRAY ARRIVED.

BUT THERE
WAS ANOTHER
INVOLVED
IN
YOUR QUITTING.
A LARGER
HALFLING.

YES.

A BULLY.
HE TOOK
YOUR
SHARE.

YES...

SO YOU HAD
TO DRY OUT ON
YOUR OWN. THAT'S
HOW YOU "BEAT"
IT. IT WAS
TAKEN FROM
YOU.

YES...

AND HOW
DID YOU
THANK THE
BULLY WHO
MADE YOU
BREAK THE
HOLD?--

--WHO
KEPT THE
CHEEESE
FROM YOU?

"IT WAS A BANQUET--
ONE OF JORIBEL'S
DEBAUCHERIES.

I... I
KILLED
HIM.

YOU
DID.

AND YOU WERE
A BEGGAR AT
THAT BANQUET.

"THAT OLD GOAT FOUND
A NEW RECRUIT-- A
CHEESEED-OUT
TOY TO AMUSE
HIM.

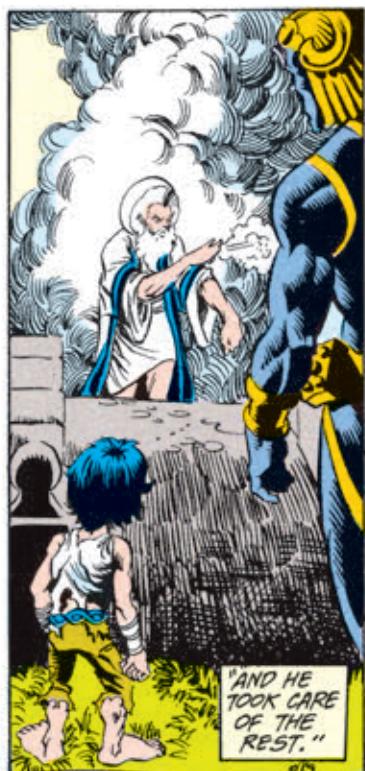
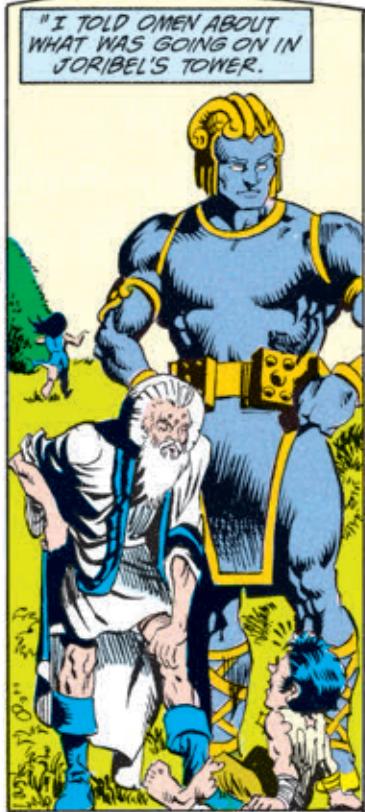
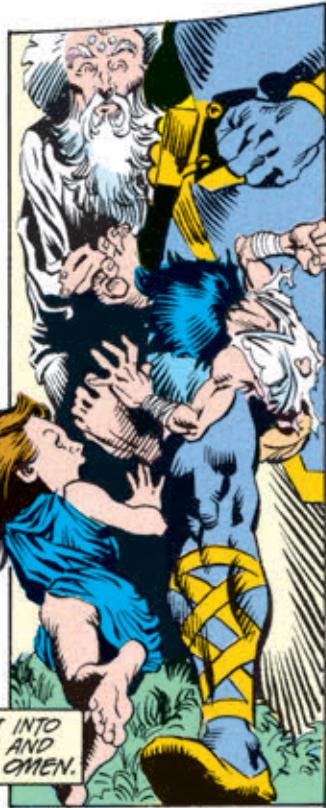
YOU THOUGHT
YOU RECOGNIZED
HER.

"I RECOGNIZED
HER. SHE WAS
DEAR TO ME.
A LONG TIME
BEFORE. BEFORE
I CAME TO
JORIBEL.



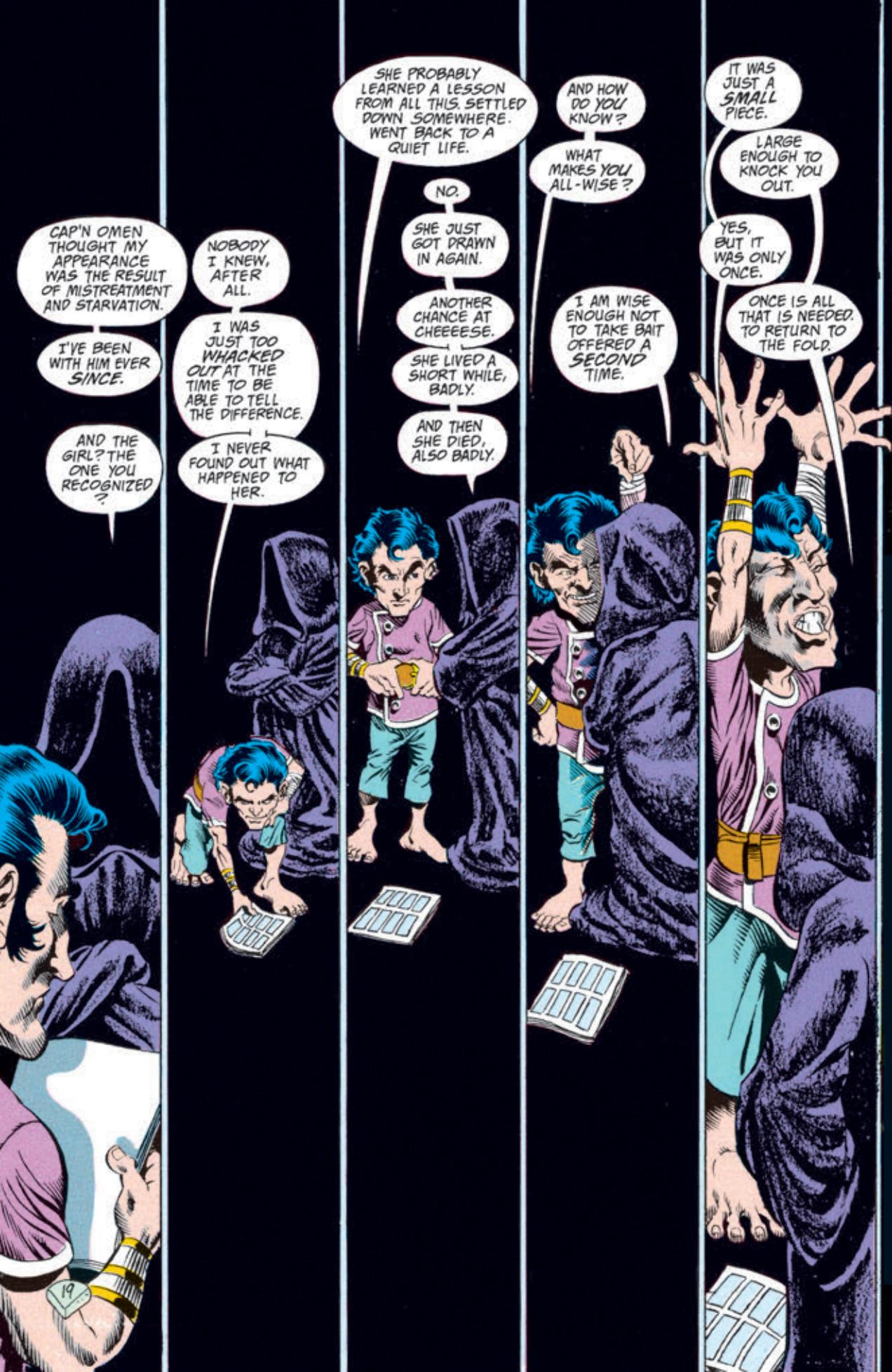
SOMETHING...
LIKE THAT.

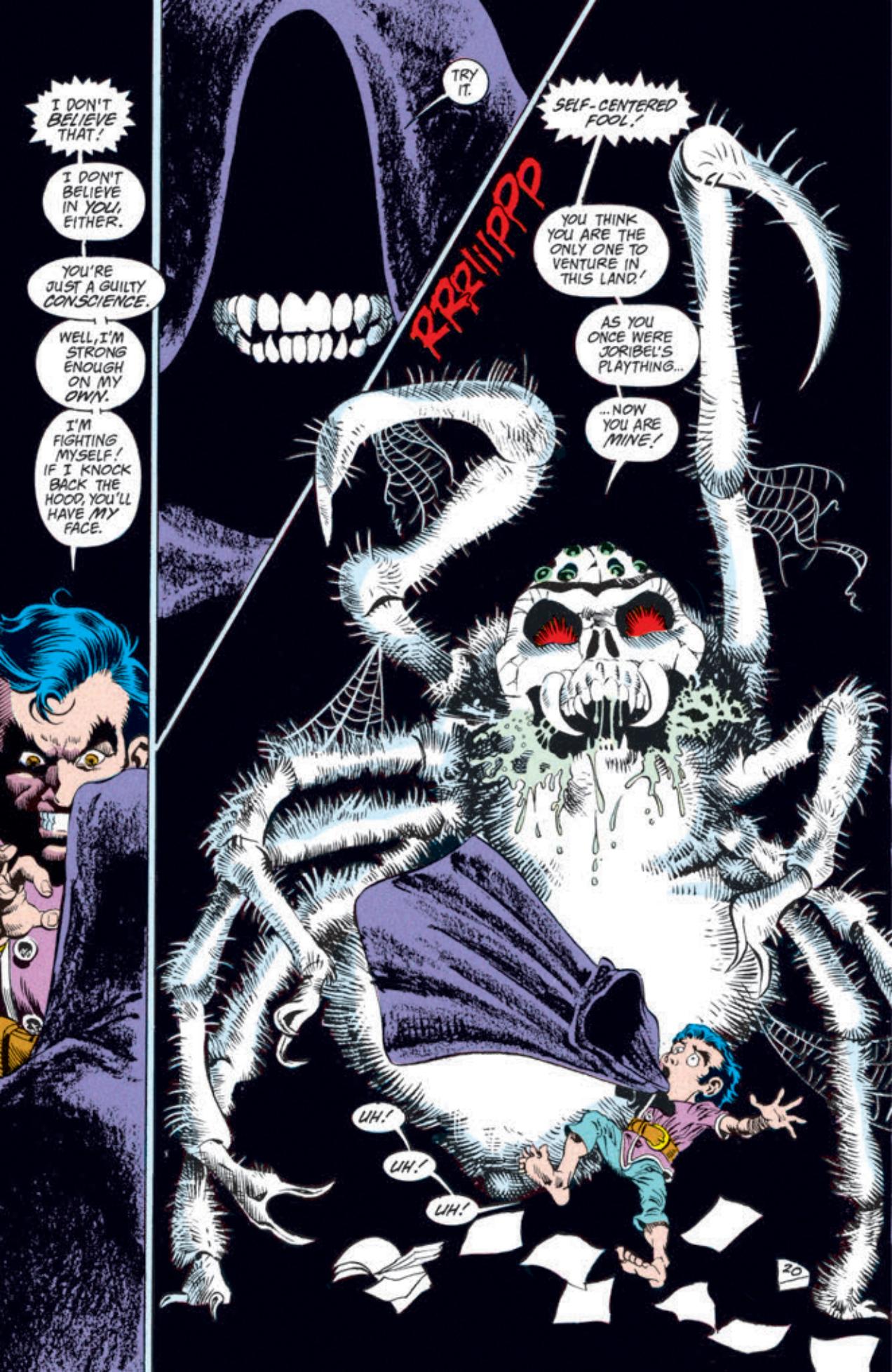




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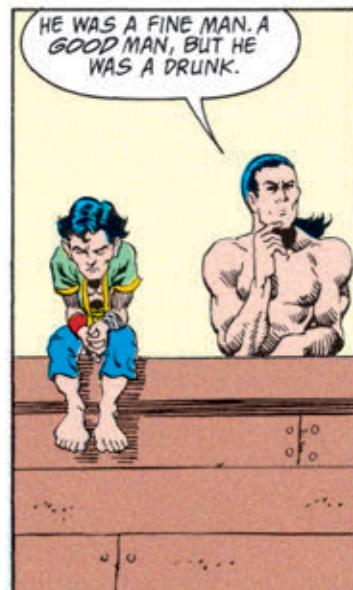
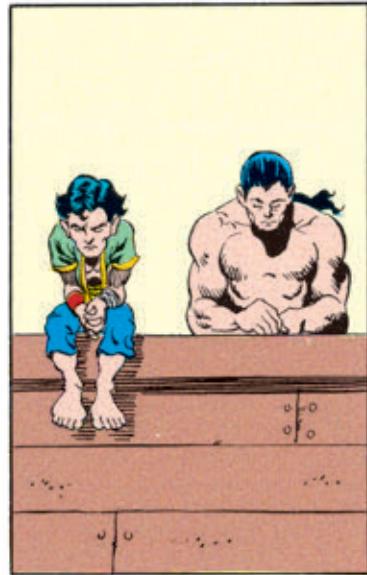
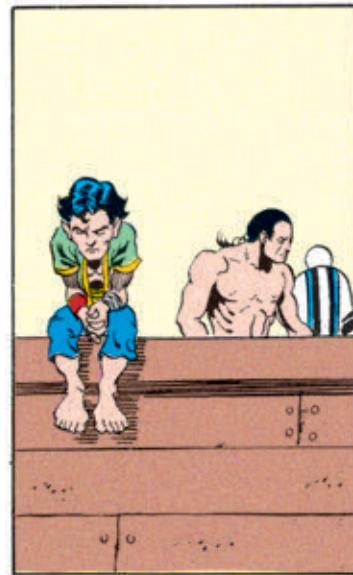












ALL HIS TRADITIONS, ALL HIS FRIENDS, ALL THE LOVE AND KINDNESS AND HOPE AND FEAR AND ANGER IN HIS LIFE BECAME NOTHING. ALL THE FEELING OF THE WORLD WAS WASHED AWAY IN A JAR OF MEAD- OR TWO.



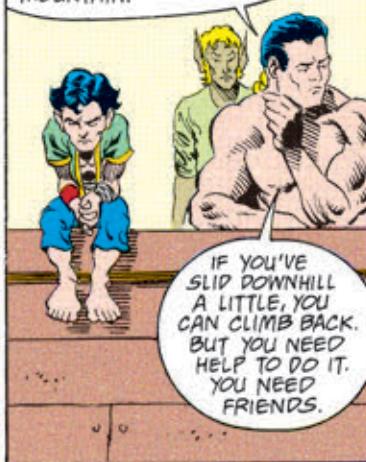
HE COULDN'T STOP. HE WAS FALLING OFF A MOUNTAIN AND DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE. UNTIL HE WOKE UP ONE MORNING AT THE BOTTOM. IN THE GUTTER. EVEN THEN HE DIDN'T CARE.



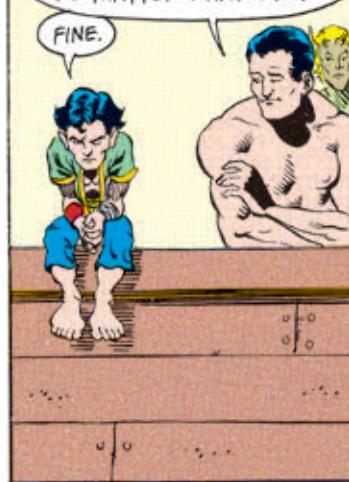
I KNOW... I KNOW, WHAT A MAN LOOKS LIKE WHEN HE'S SOTTED. THE GRIN. THE SWEATS. THE PANIC THAT CHASES HIM IN THE NIGHT. THE FEAR OF LOSING THAT LAST BOTTLE. OF LOSING THAT LAST TETHER TO THE WORLD.



YOU JUST HAVE TO KEEP DEALING WITH IT. EVERY DAY. AND WHEN YOU FAIL, IT DOESN'T MEAN YOU'VE FALLEN OFF THE MOUNTAIN.



AND I GUESS THAT'S WHAT IT ALL BOILS DOWN TO. YOU NEED FRIENDS. AND WE'RE HERE. NO MATTER WHAT. OK?



ACTUALLY IT BOILS DOWN TO A SIMPLER TRUTH. PALADINS WILL USE ANYTHING AS AN EXCUSE TO PREACH A SERMON.



VARTAN, ARE YOU NATURALLY INSENSITIVE, OR DO YOU PRACTICE ... ?



WITH PRIDE, FROM...

JEFF GRUBB
WRITER
RAGS MORALES
PENCILLER
DAVE SIMONS
INKER
TIM HARKINS
LETTERER
GENE D'ANGELO
COLORIST
ELLIOT S.
MAGGIN
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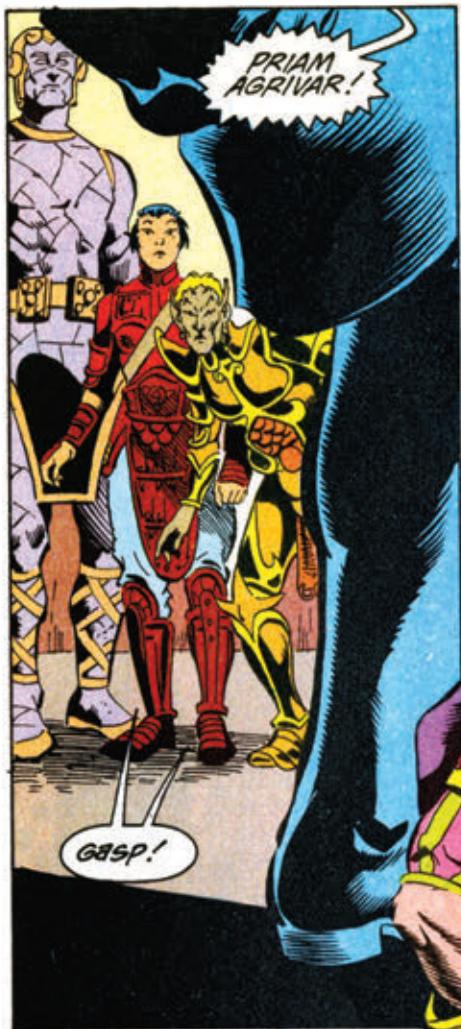
FRIENDS...
HALFLINGS...
SHIPMATES...!

AS YOU MAY HAVE
NOTICED, ONE OF OUR
NUMBER HAS BEEN
NOTICABLY HARD ON
HIS GARMENTS OF
LATE, AND SORELY IN
NEED OF NEW OUT-
FITTING.

WITH THIS IN
MIND, I, FOXILON
CARDLUCK, HAVE
UNDERTAKEN TO DESIGN
NEW DUDS FOR OUR
NOBLE PALADIN.

LADIES AND
GENTLE-ELF,
I GIVE YOU
THE BRAND
NEW...







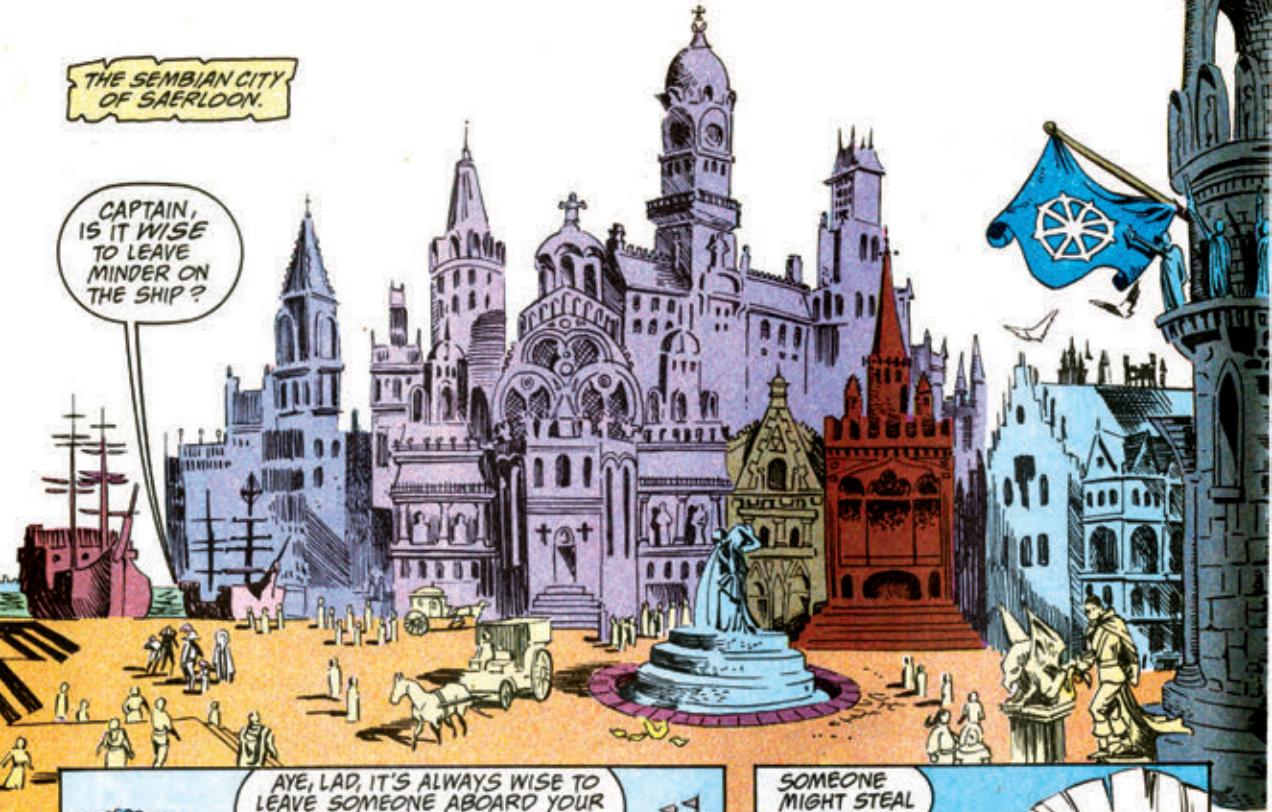
JEFF GRUBB ~ WRITER
RAGS MORALES ~ ARTIST
DAVE SIMONS ~ INKER
TIM HARKINS ~ LETTERER
GENE D'ANGELO ~ COLORIST
ELLIOT S. MAGGIN, FASHION PLATE





THE SEMBIAN CITY
OF SAERLOON.

CAPTAIN,
IS IT WISE
TO LEAVE
MINDER ON
THE SHIP?



AYE, LAD, IT'S ALWAYS WISE TO
LEAVE SOMEONE ABOARD YOUR
SHIP WHEN DEALING IN THE
MERCHANT-KINGDOM
OF SEMBIA.



SOMEONE
MIGHT STEAL
THE SHIP?

SOMEONE
MIGHT SELL
IT.



AH, HERE
WE ARE...

...VARTAN,
IF YOU WILL
BE SO KIND
AS TO CAST
A DETECT
LIE.



WITH PLEASURE...

I'LL CAST
IT

* ELVEN SPELLCASTING:
"DETECT LIE"

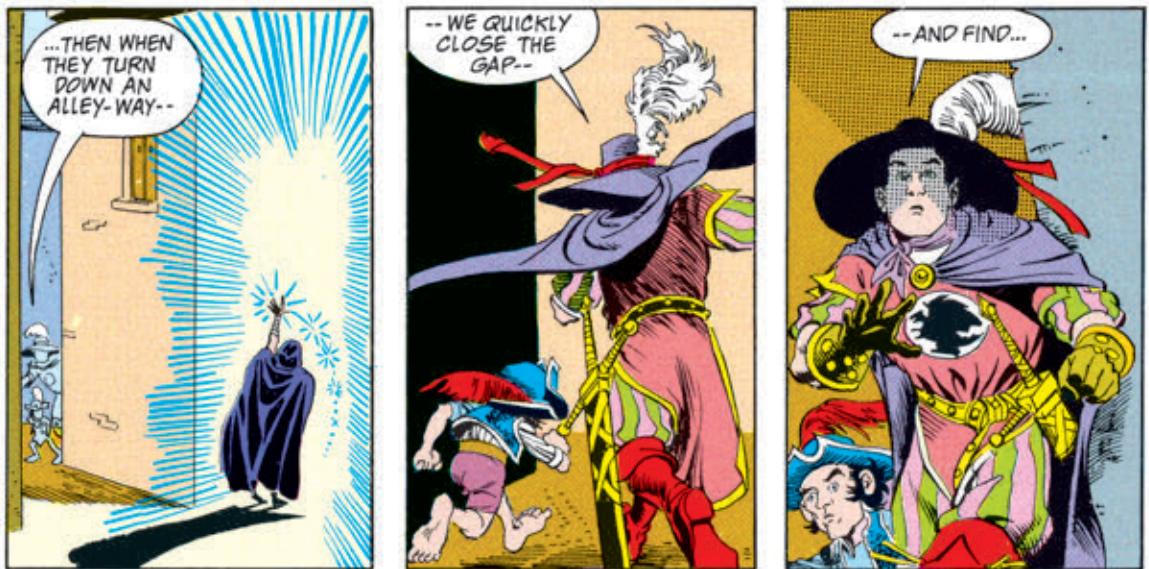
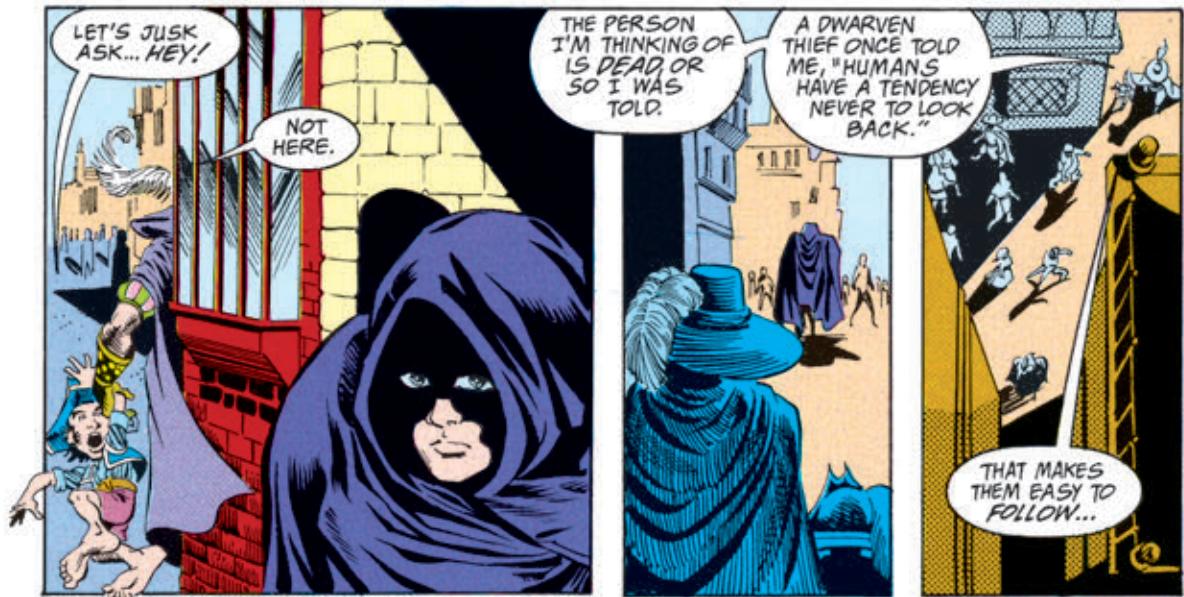


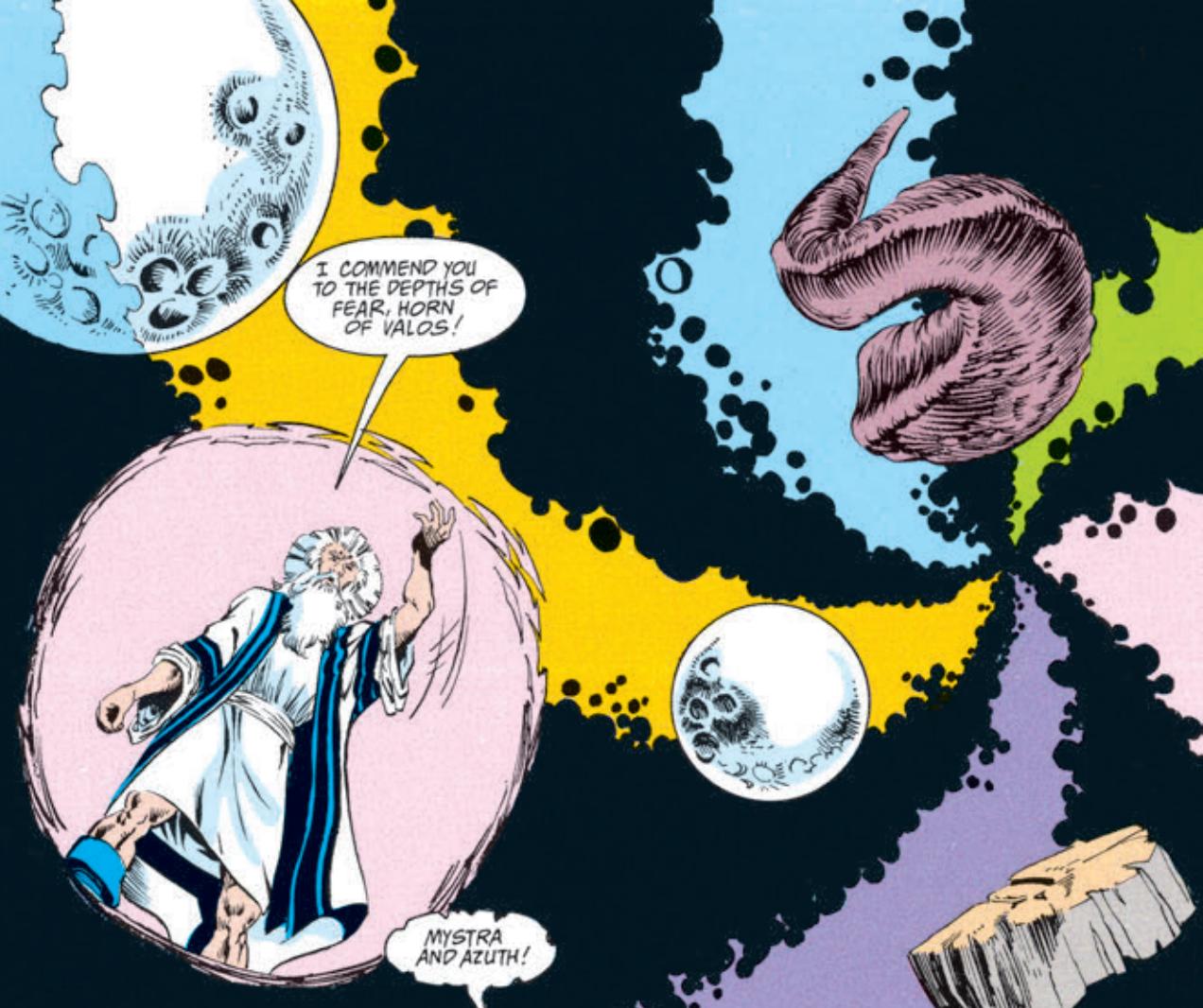












WELL, YOU MUST UNDERSTAND, ISHI, THAT PALADINS ARE AN ODD LOT, AND NEVER WILL TELL YOU. ELVES, HOWEVER...

CAPTAIN, I JUST CHECKED THE DIVINATIONS. THERE IS STILL A MAJOR PULSE OF PLANE-SPANNING ALTERATION MAGICS AT WORK IN THIS TOWN. PERHAPS WE COULD LOCATE IT AS WELL.

URK!

NAY.

BY THE POWER OF THE CUP OF DRAGONS! BY THE PYRAMID OF DAYS! THOU SHALT FIND THE POWER SOUGHT IN THE HALLS OF LADY RAES.

A TROVE OF MYSTRA'S GLORY HELD BY A FLOWER'S KEY. GO QUICKLY, MASTERS OF THE REALMS. BEFORE THE WENCH CAN...

...FLEE.

OOOH?

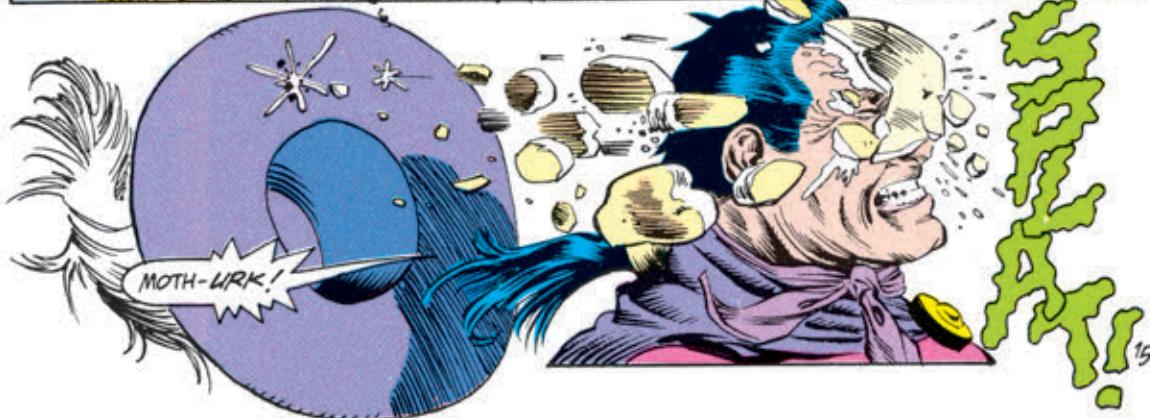
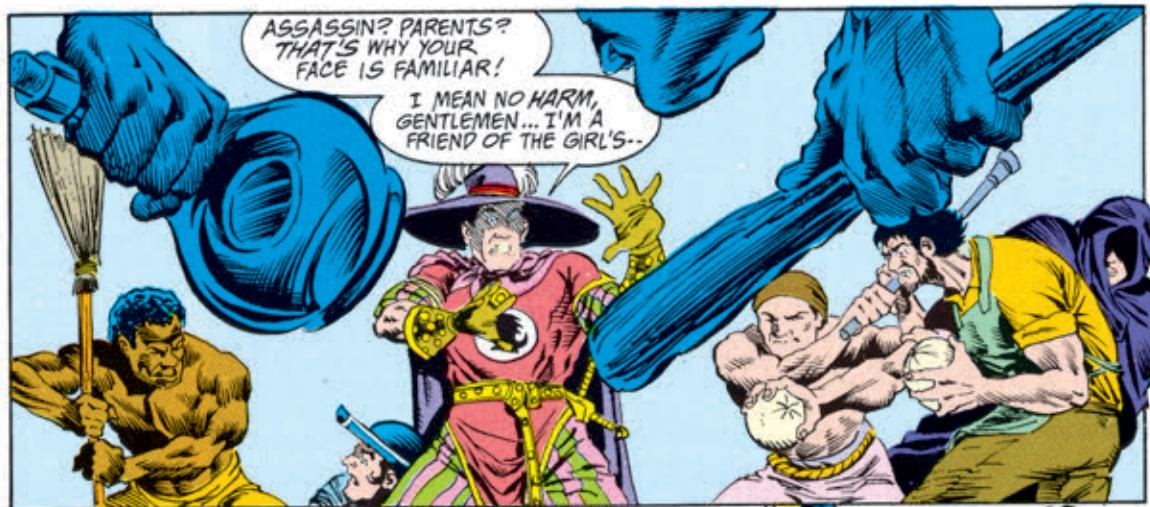
WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT?

YOU WERE RECITING PROPHETIC POETRY.

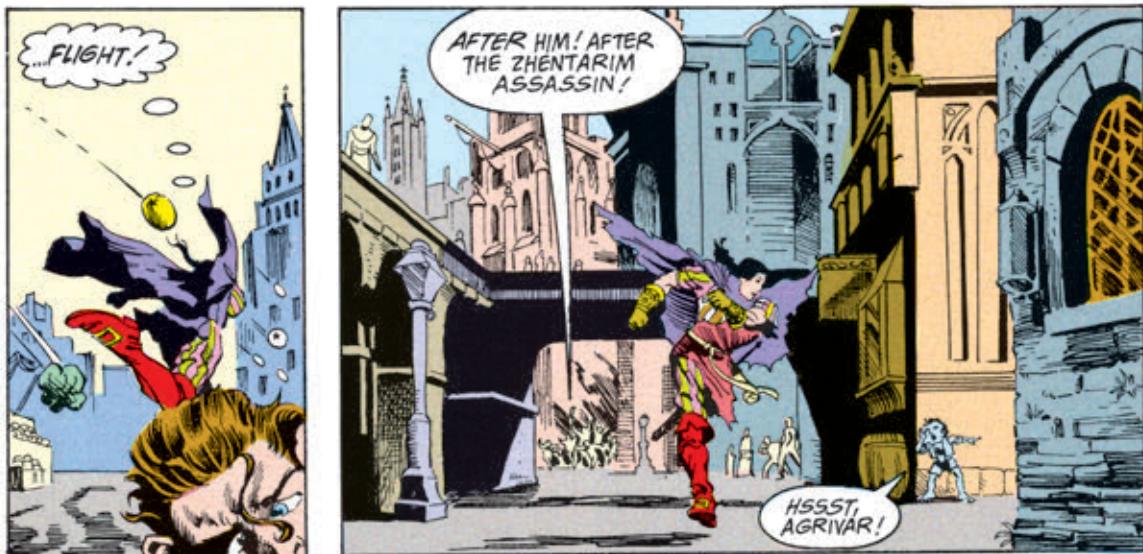
BAD PROPHETIC POETRY AT THAT...

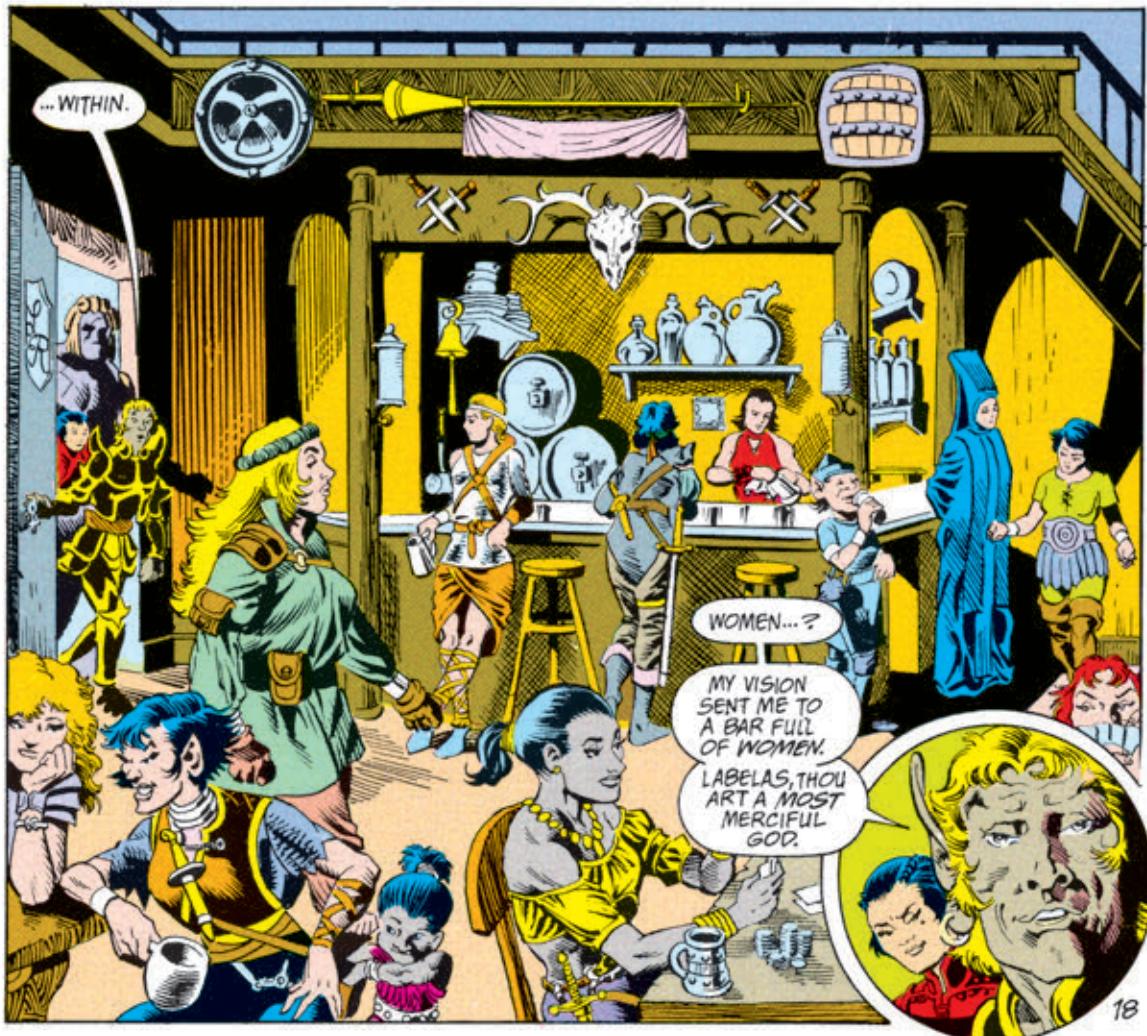
"...BUT IT SEEMS WE HAVE A NUMBER OF MYSTERIES HERE."











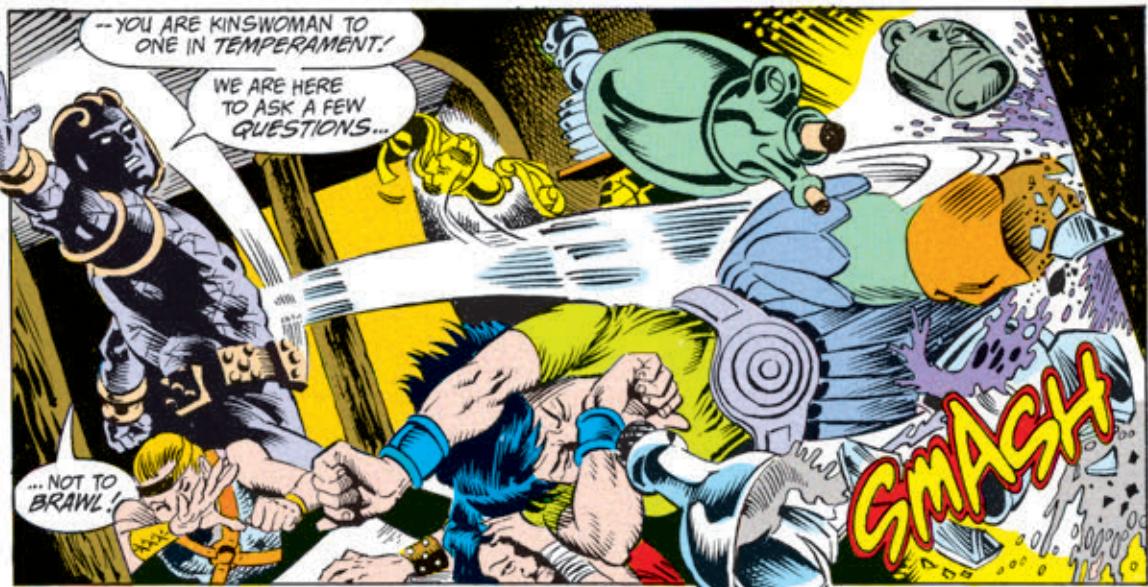


YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO MOVE ON. THIS PUB'S A PLACE FOR FEMALE ADVENTURERS TO RELAX WITHOUT THEIR COARSER MALE KINDRED. NO MEN ALLOWED.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION, OH SHORT AND NEARSIGHTED BARMAID, I AM NO MAN BUT AN ELF, AND MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THE WEAKER SEX.

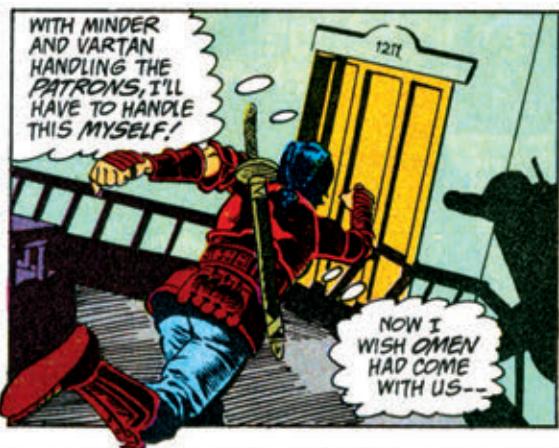
AND FOR YOUR INFORMATION, OH POINTY-EARED AND FOOLISH MALE ELF, I AM NO BARMAID, BUT THE BOUNCER.

















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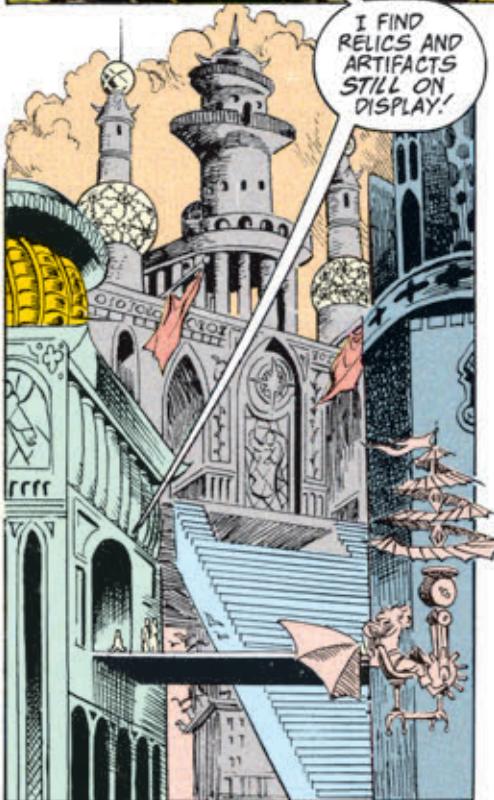
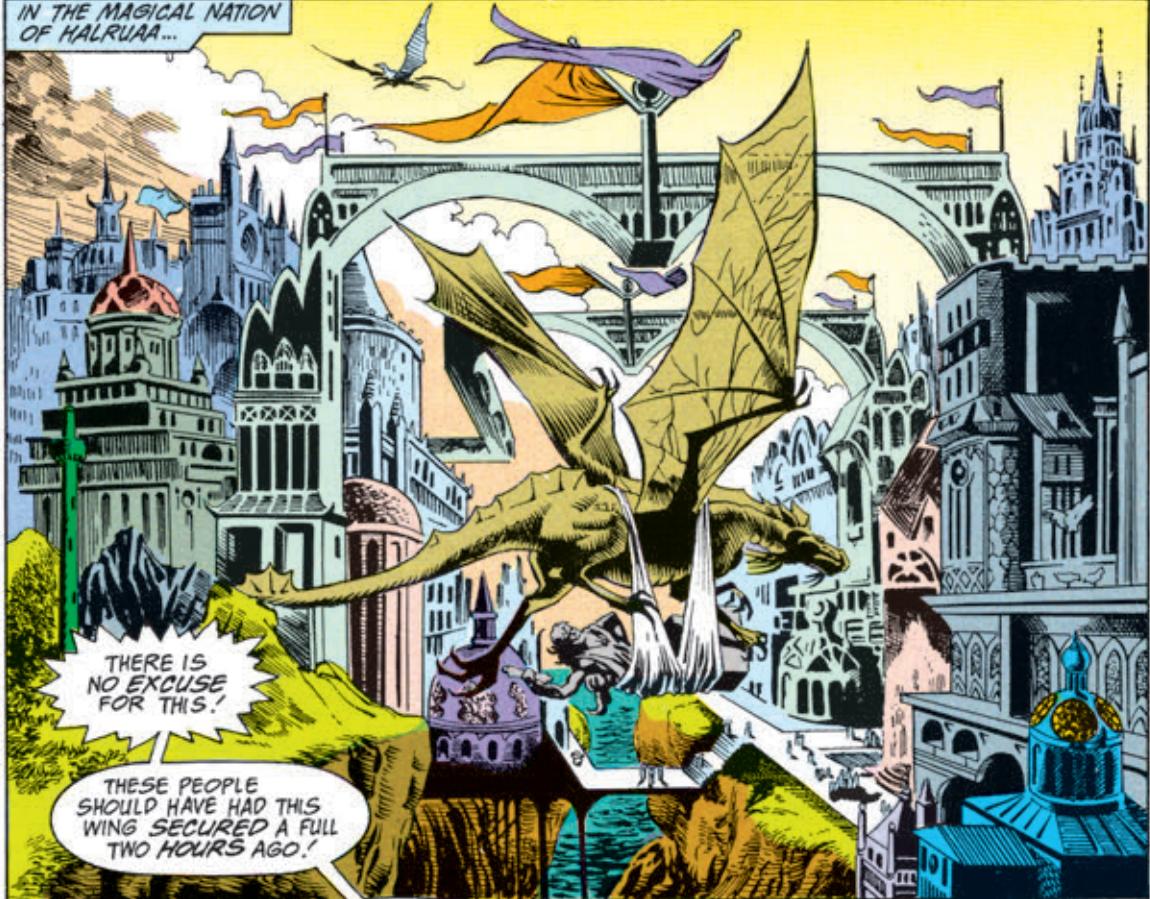
FORGOTTEN REALMS™

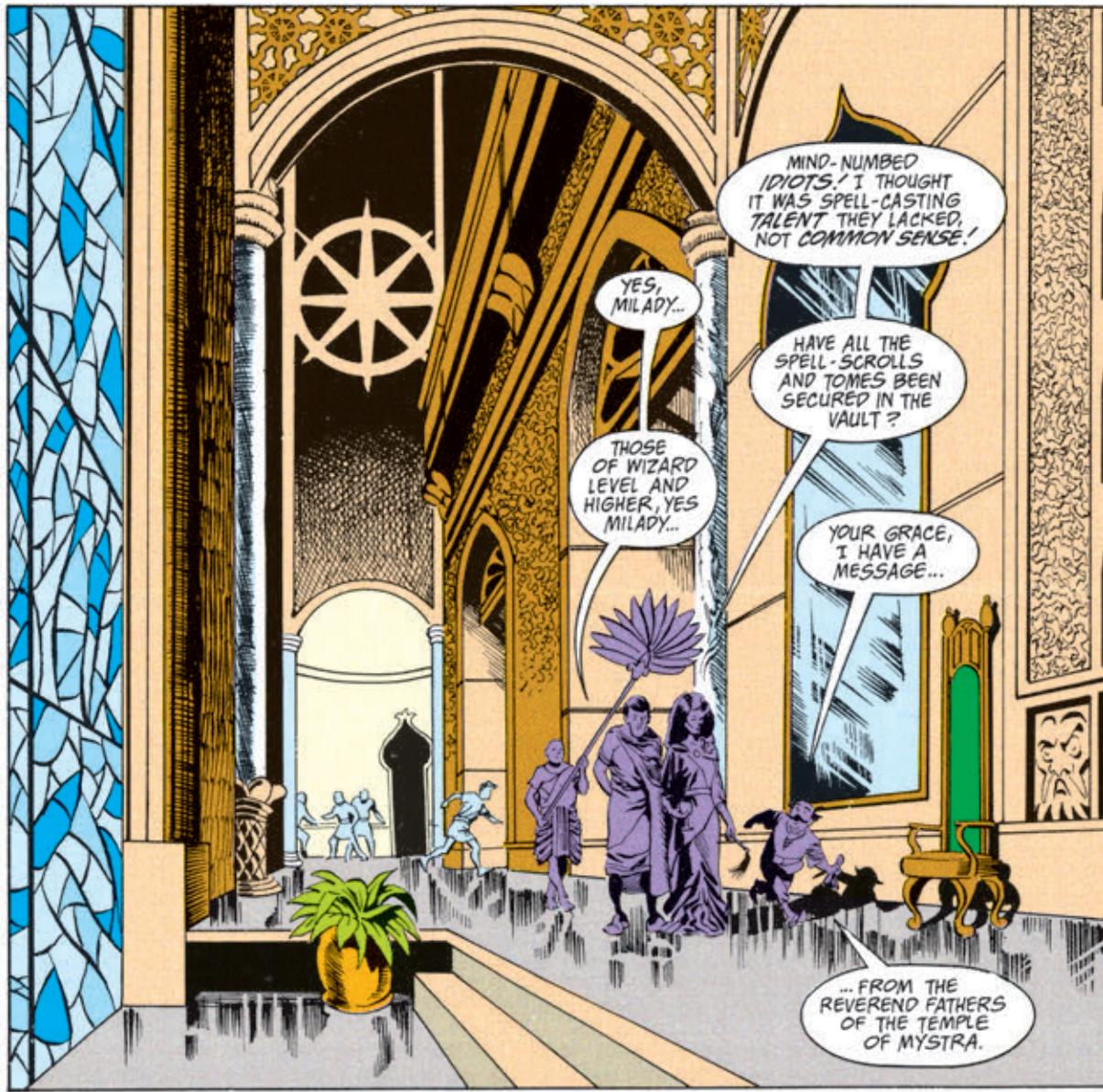
RIVALS

PART TWO OF TRIANGLES



IN THE MAGICAL NATION
OF HALRUAA...





RIVALS

TRIANGLES PART 2
WRITTEN BY: JEFF GRUBB
PENCILLED BY: RAGS MORALES
INKED BY: DAVE SIMONS
LETTERED BY: TIM HARKINS
COLORED BY: GENE D'ANGELO

ELLIOT S. MAGGIN: EDITOR

YOUR MAJESTY,
I --

ANY FURTHER
WORD ON
KIRKSON?

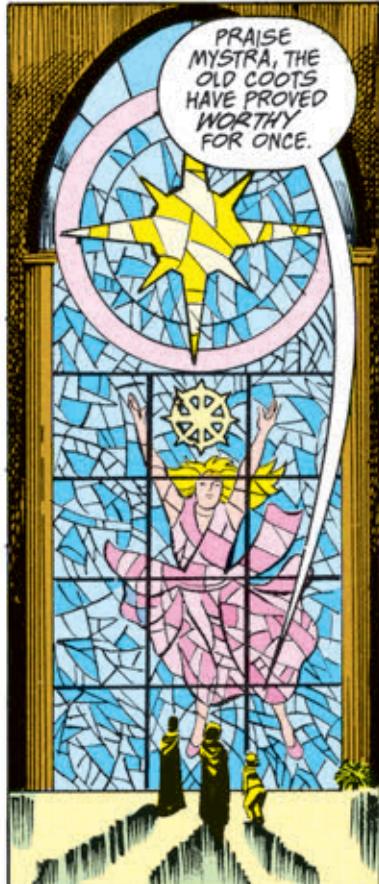
NO IMPROVEMENT,
BUT NO FURTHER
LOSS OF ABILITY.
PITY, STILL,
BETTER A COOL
HEAD IN TRYING
TIMES....

YOUR GRACE,
I --

-- THE
PRIESTS OF
MYSTRA HAVE
A MESSAGE
FOR YOU!



TWENTY OF THE KINGDOM'S FINEST DIVINERS HAVE GONE MAD BECAUSE SOMETHING UNPLEASANT LAY IN OUR FUTURE, AND YOU WANT TO BOTHER ME WITH THE MOULDY PRATTLINGS OF THOSE OLD BOOK-BANGERS...



MEANWHILE, BACK IN
SAERLOON--IN A ROOM
RENTED TO A YOUNG
WOMAN NAMED
JASMINE...

WELL?

ISHI,
PERHAPS
I'D BEST
EXPLAIN.

YOU'D BEST
DO IT FAST LAD.
MINDER CAN'T HOLD
OFF THAT MOB OF
WOMEN DOWNSTAIRS
FOREVER.

I GOT
HERE ONLY
MOMENTS
BEFORE YOU.

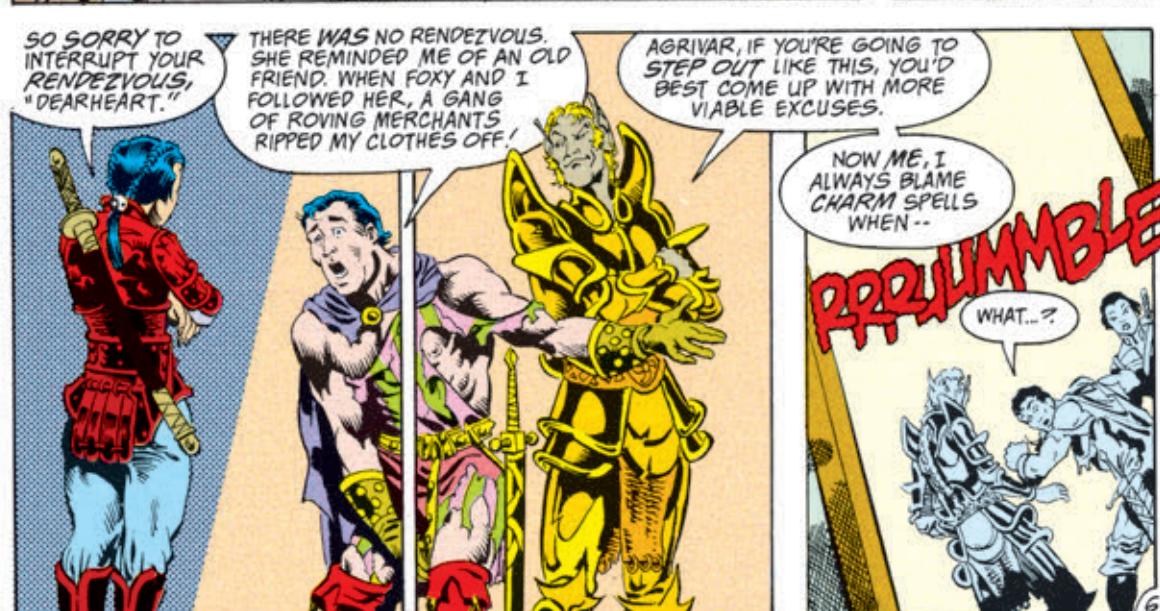
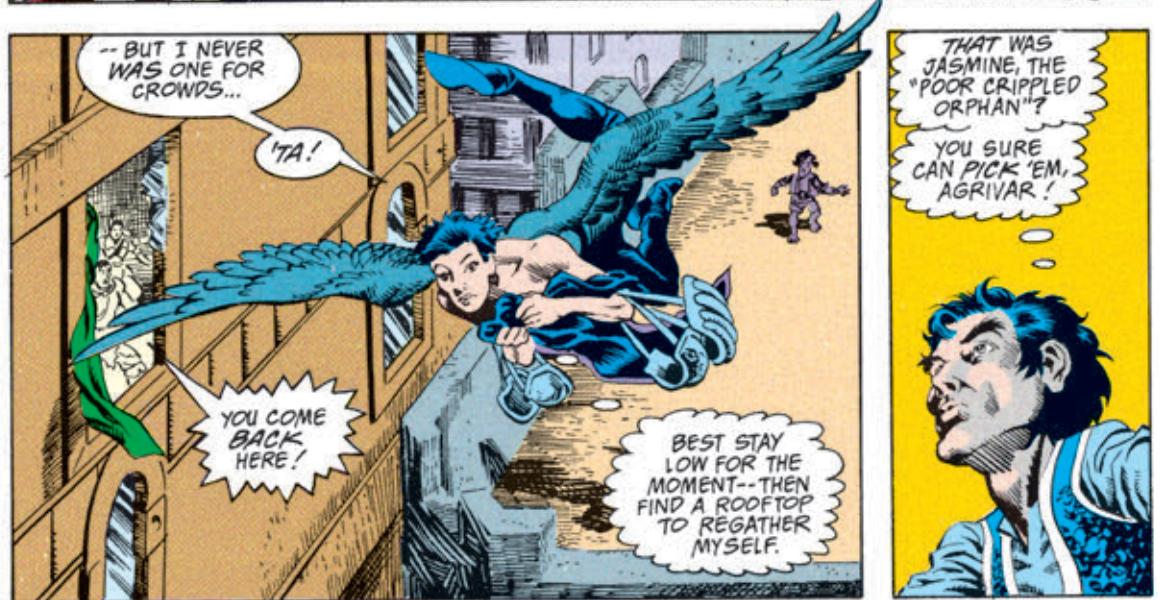
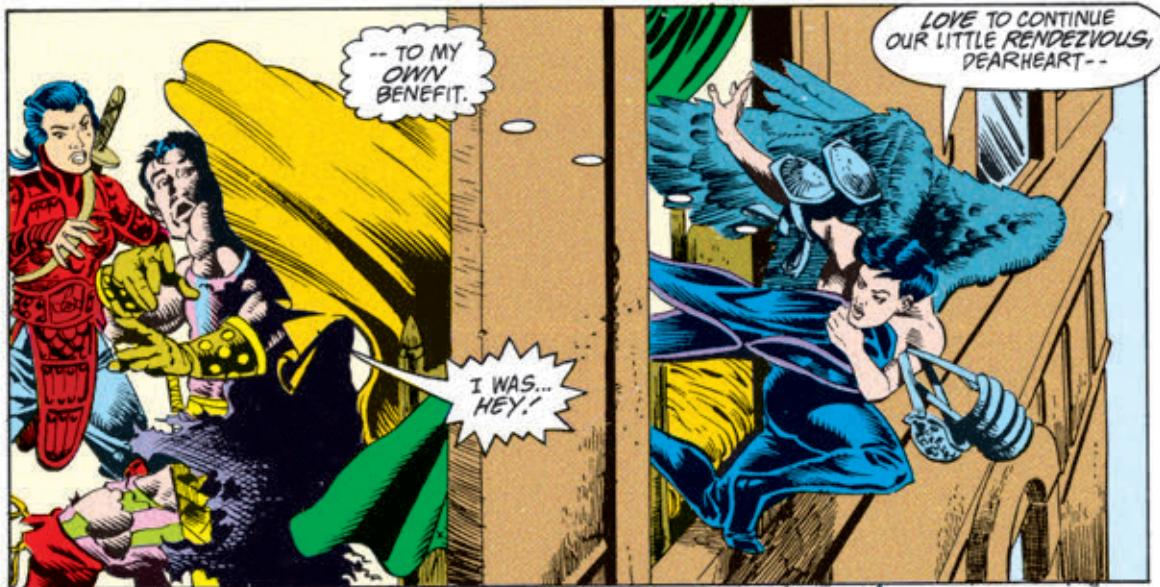
YOU ARE IN THE
BEDROOM OF A HALF-
DRESSED, WINGED
WOMAN...

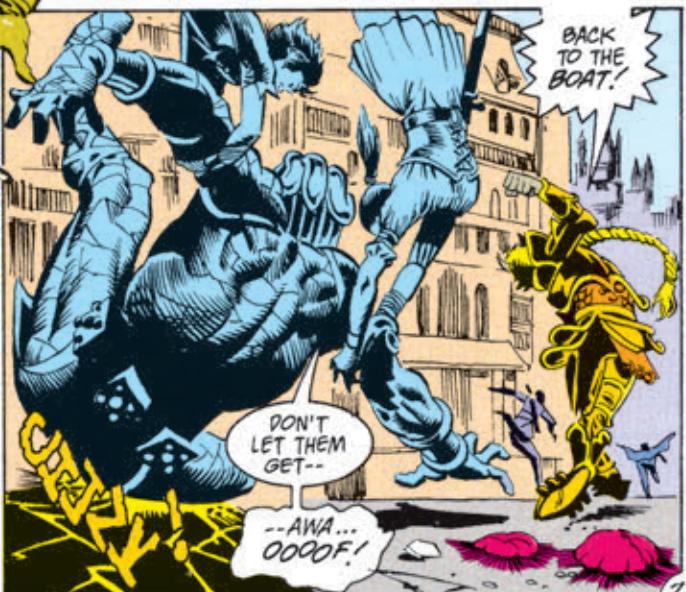
...YOUR OWN
CLOTHES IN
TATTERS...

...HOW FOOLISH
DO YOU THINK
I AM?

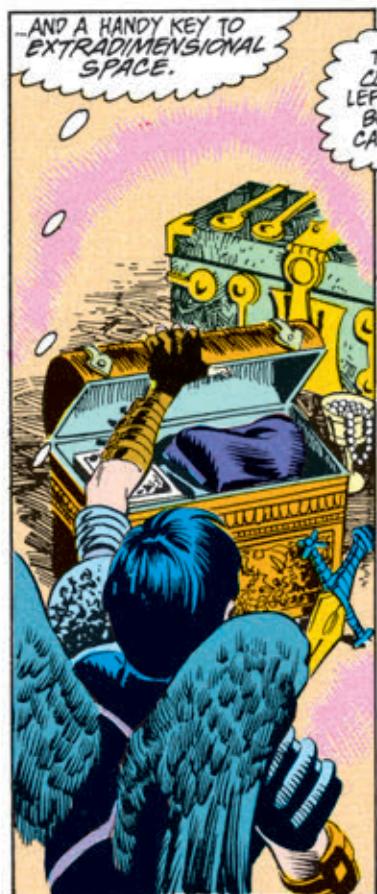
GOOD
QUESTION,
COPPER-
SKIN.

PERHAPS I
CAN USE YOUR
FOLLY--









... GOODBYE, SAERLOON!

AT LEAST THERE ARE
ENOUGH CLOUDS
TO MASK MY DEPARTU--



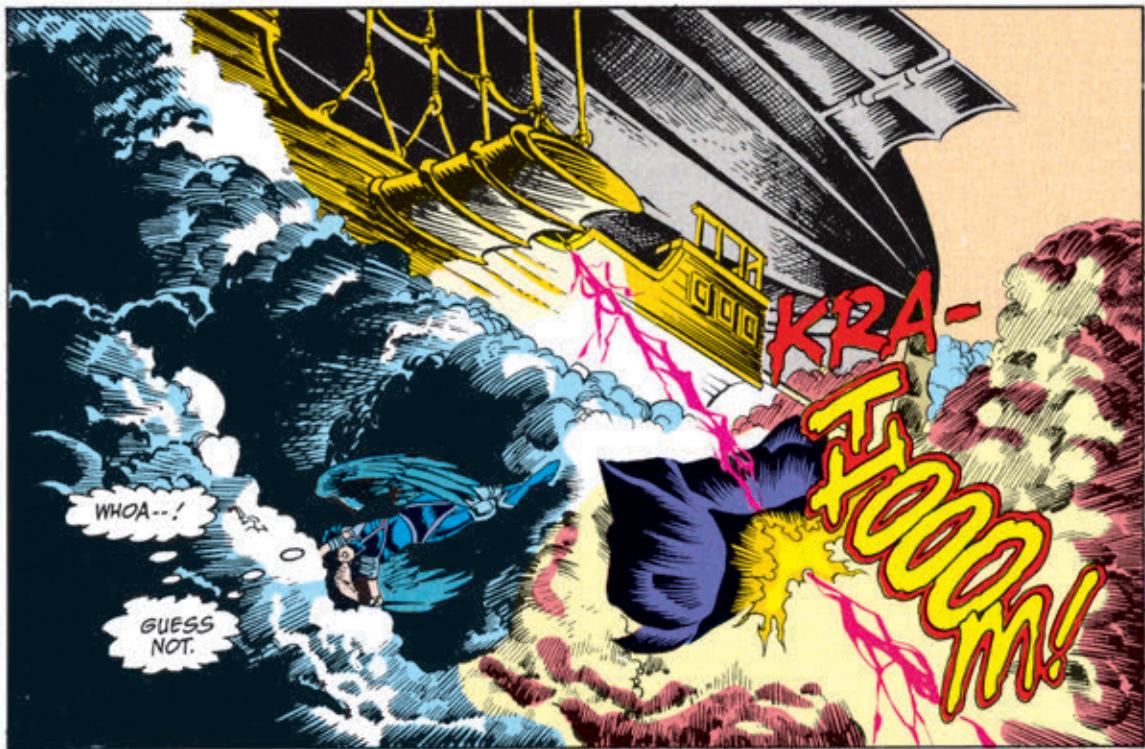
WOW!



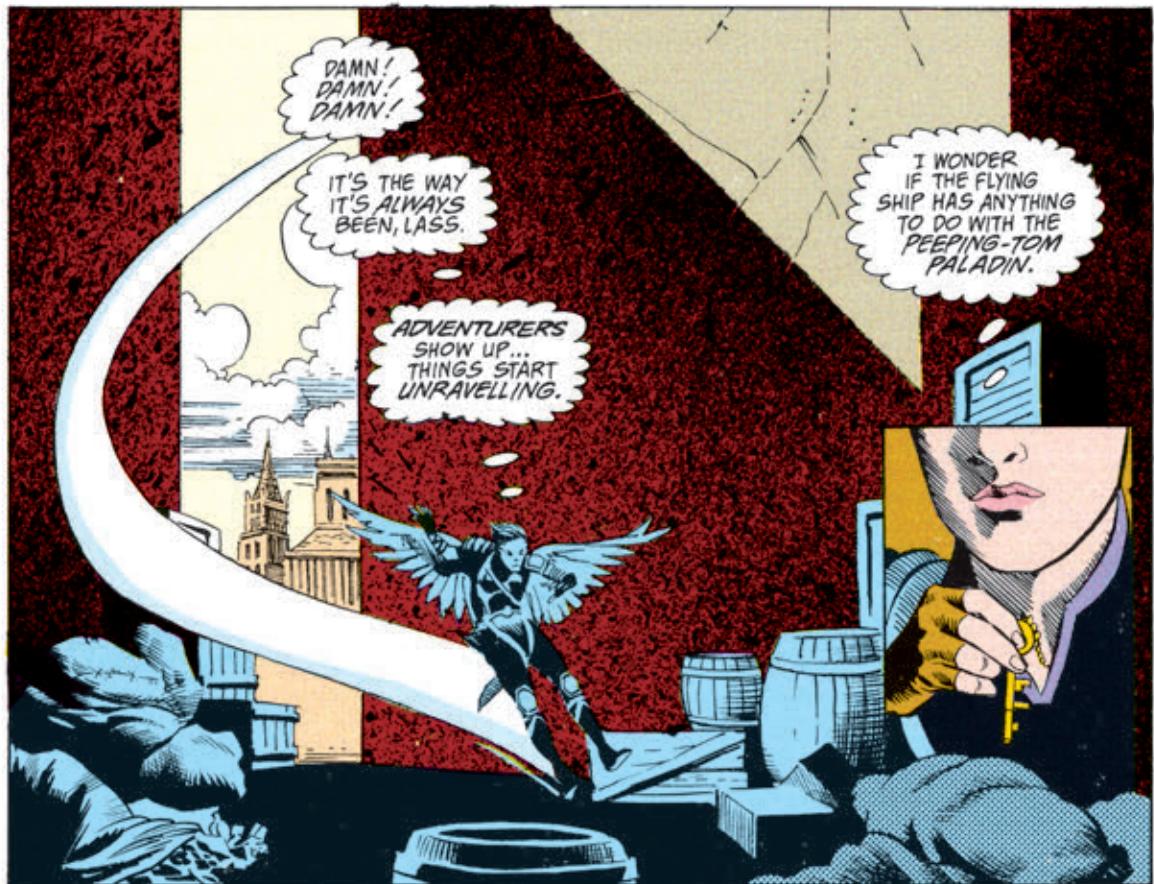
A FLYING
SHIP?!?

I WONDER
IF IT'S MY
TICKET OUT
OF HERE.













I AM SORRY... I DID NOT MEAN TO LOSE MY TEMPER SO BADLY.

I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED YOU WERE GOADING ME... TO ATTACK IRRATIONALLY.

UH, YEAH.
GOADING.
OOOGGG!

I SHOULD HAVE FOUGHT WITH MY MIND, NOT MY HEART. I FOUGHT BADLY.

LET US BE EVEN. YOU MAY TAKE A SWING AT ME, FREE AND CLEAR...



CAPTAIN?
AS IN "CAPTAIN WITH A NICE, NORMAL, SAILS-ON-THE-WATER-TYPE SHIP"?

WELL... YES.
SURE.

AS IN "SHIP THAT CAN LEAVE THIS CITY AT ANY TIME AND TAKE PASSENGERS"?

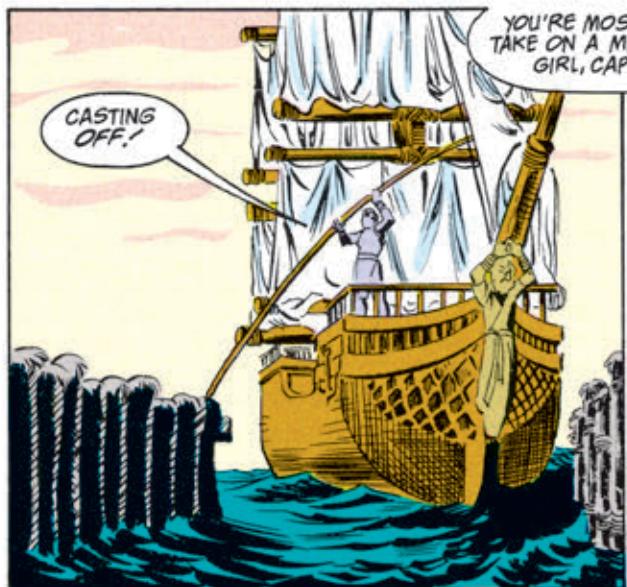
YES.

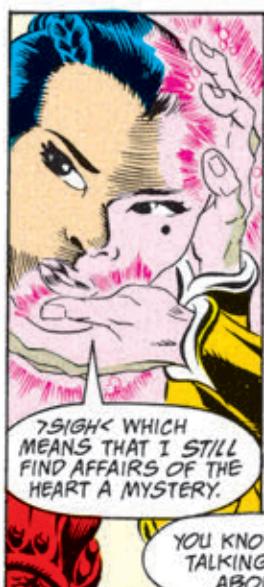
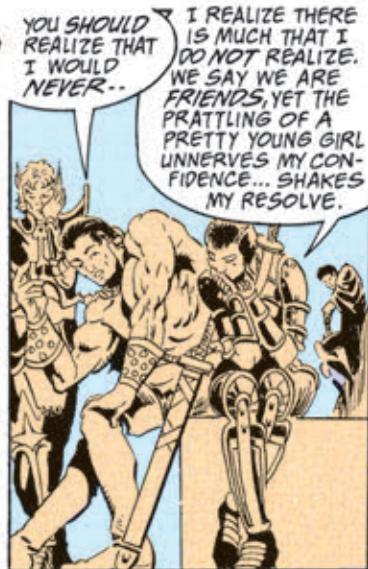
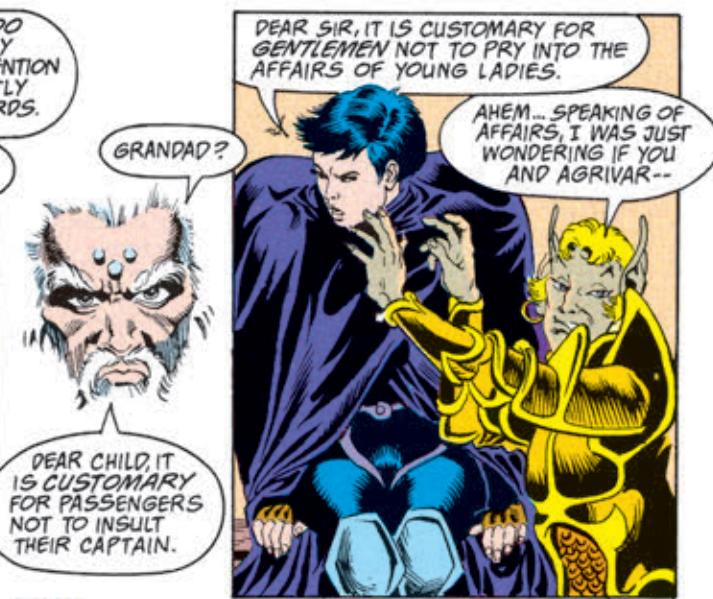


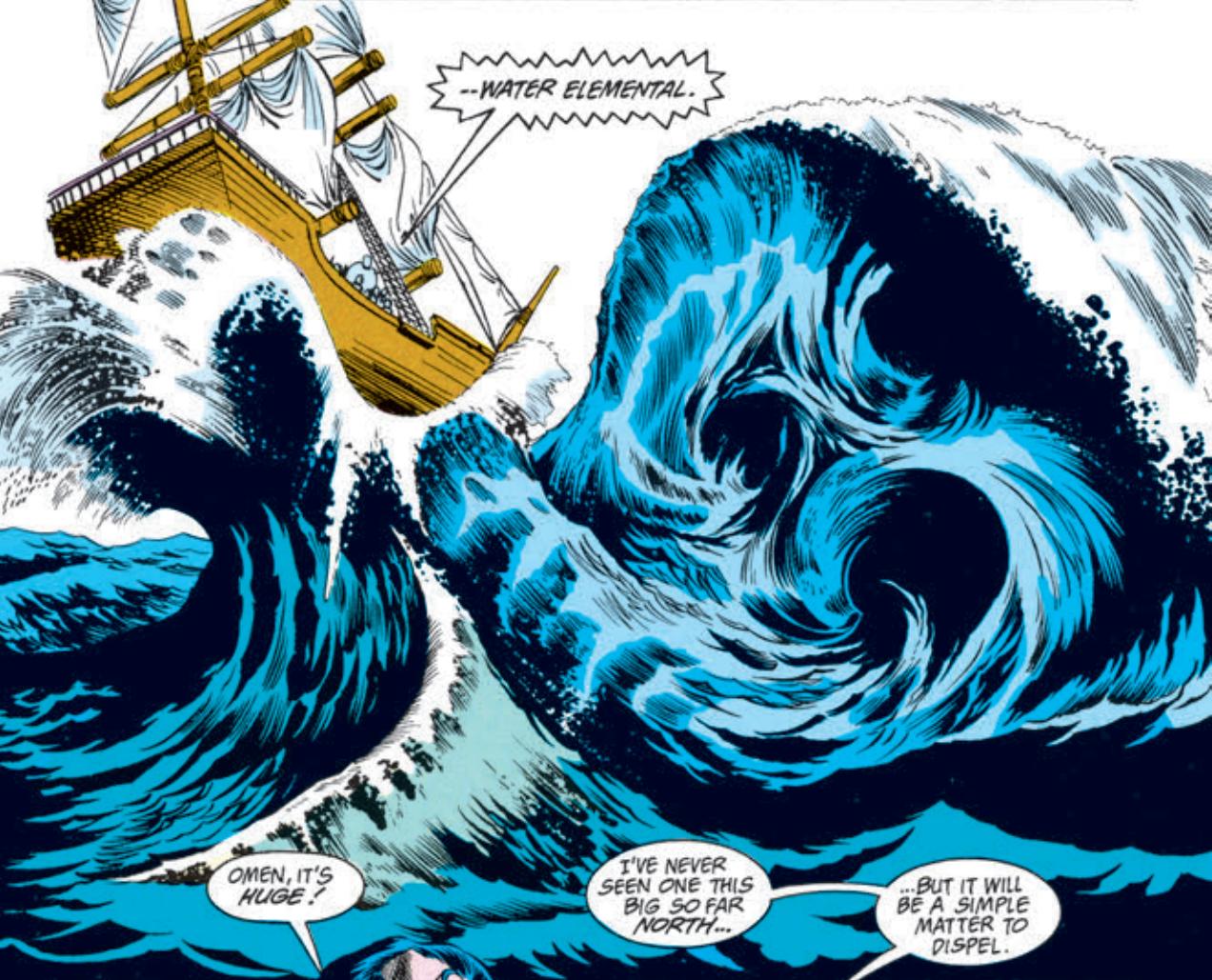
LET'S TALK ABOUT YOUR DEAR, SWEET CAPTAIN...

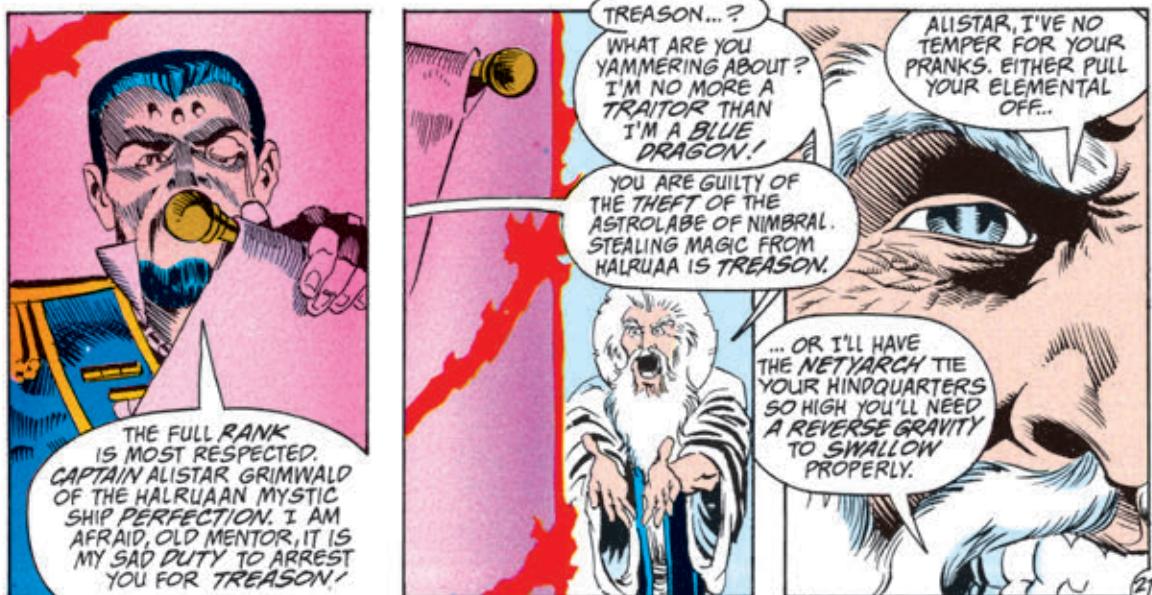
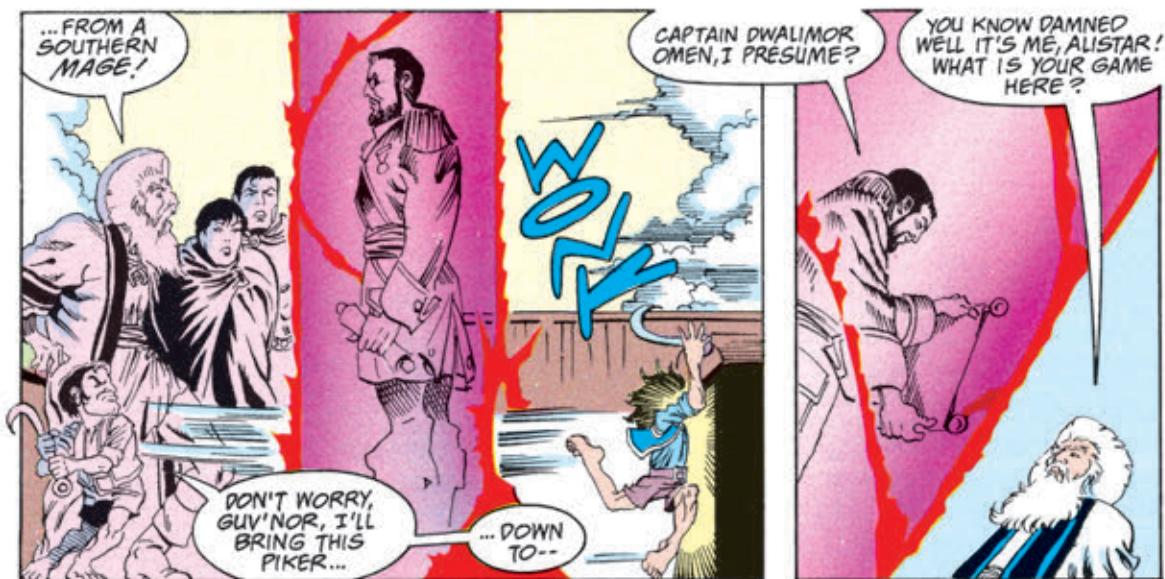
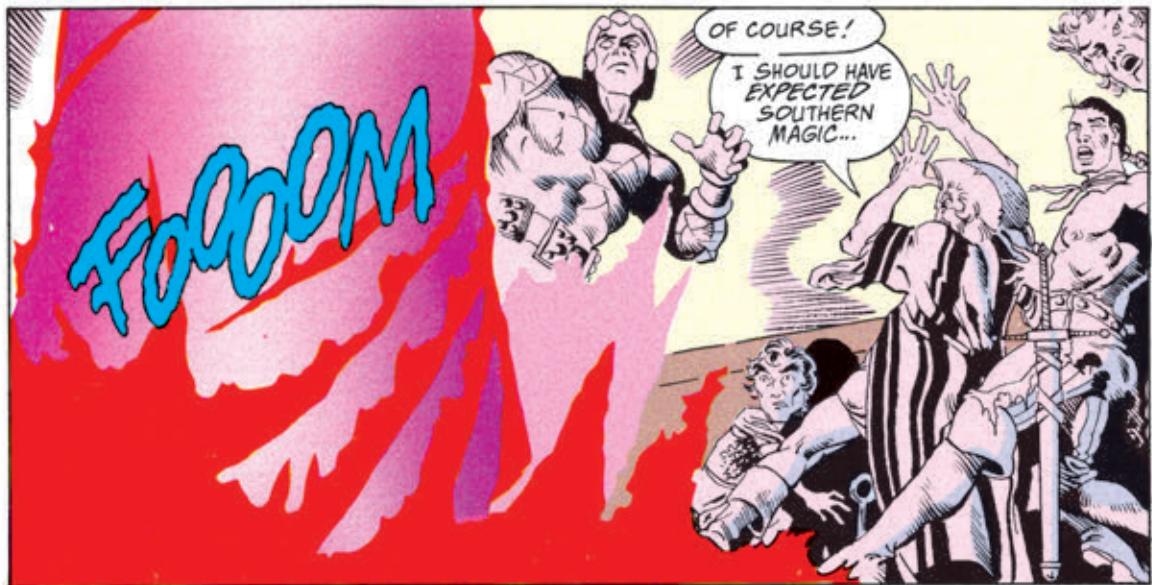
...AND
SOON!















DYING IS NEVER A
WIZARD'S FIRST CHOICE,
ALISTAR. YOU SHOULD
KNOW THAT.

LET ME
SURPRISE
YOU, FOR
ONCE.

I
SURRENDER
MYSELF TO YOUR
FORCES, BUT I
DEMAND JUSTICE
AS MY RIGHT AS
A FULL AND FREE
CITIZEN OF
HALRUAA!

CAPTAIN
OMEN?

OMEN?

JUSTICE?

YOU DEMAND
JUSTICE, OLD
THIEF?

THEN I SHALL
GIVE YOU
JUSTICE!

THERE'LL
BE MORE...

SIZZLE

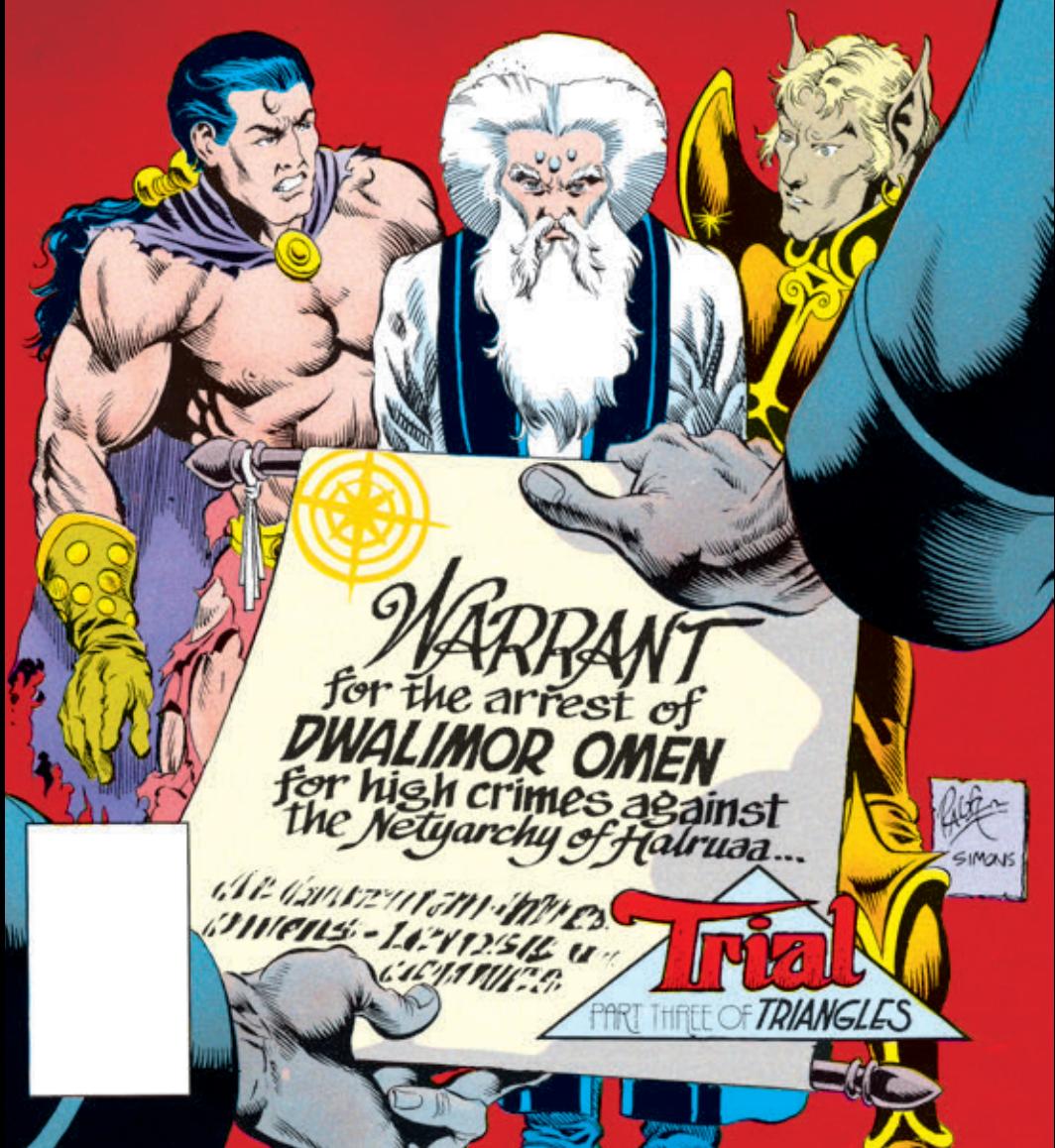




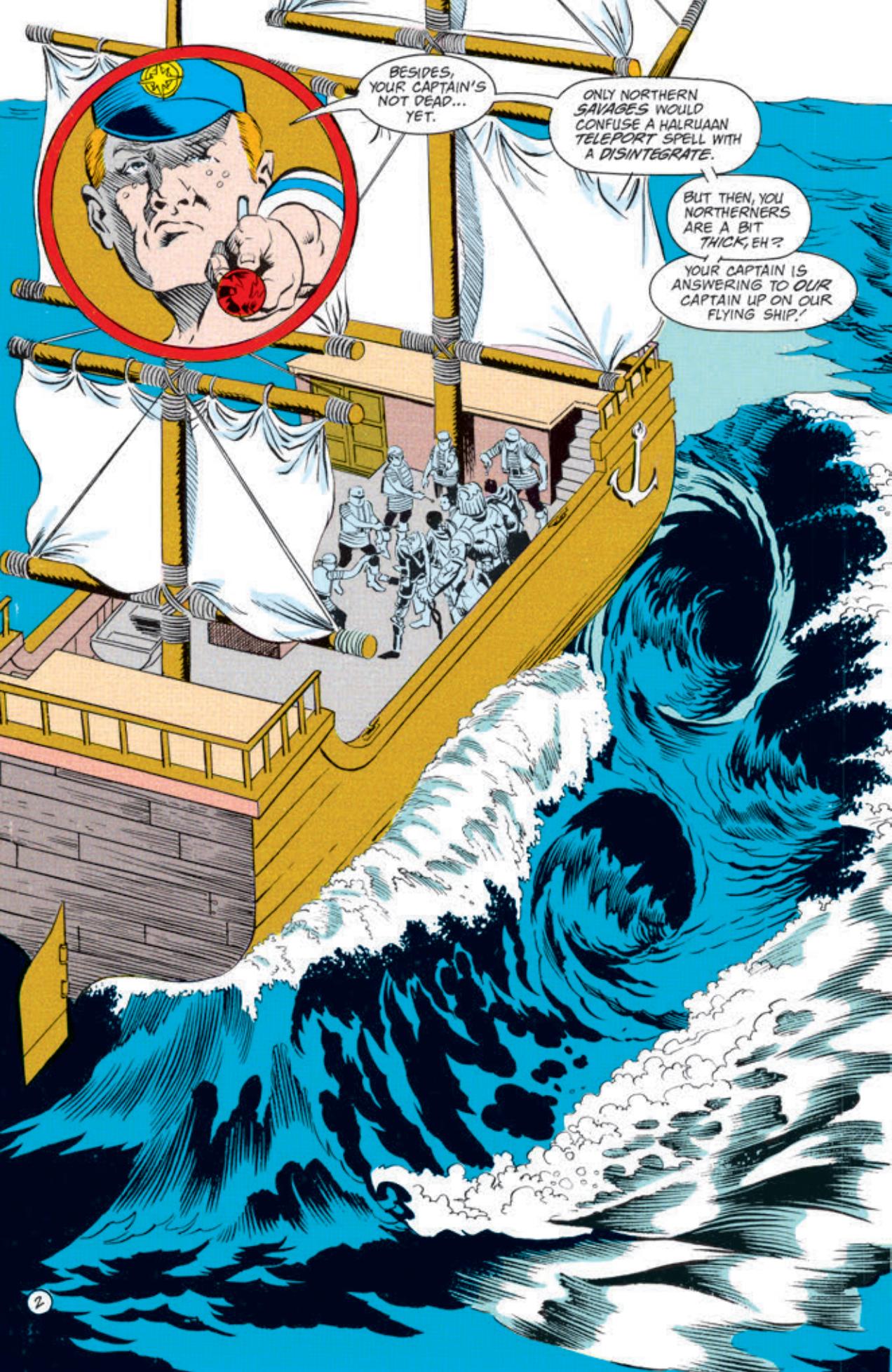
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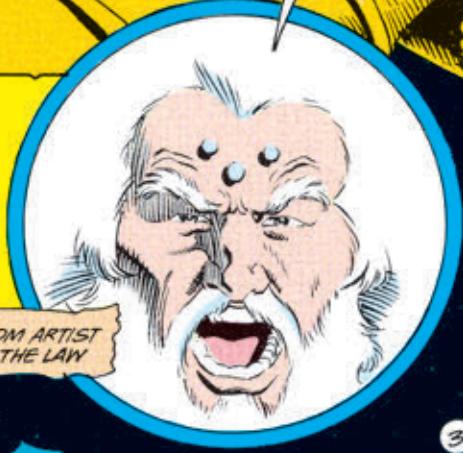




TRIAL

TRIANGLES
PART
3

JEFF GRUBB - COURT REPORTER, RAGS MORALES - COURTROOM ARTIST
DAVE SIMONS - LEGAL INKER, TIM HARKINS - LETTERER OF THE LAW
GENE D'ANGELO - COLORIST FOR THE DEFENSE
ELLIOT S. MAGGIN - JUDGE, JURY, AND HANGMAN

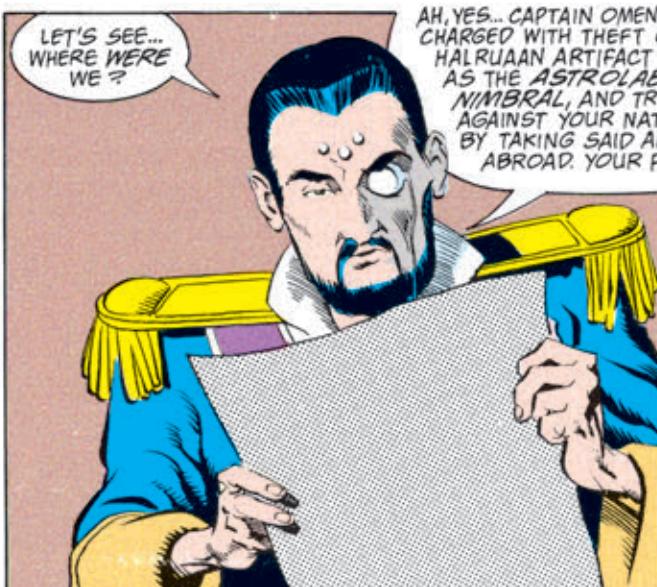


I HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF
YOUR FOOLISHNESS!...

NEVER LET THE TRUTH
GET IN THE WAY OF
YOUR ORDERS, EH ALLISTAR?
YOU WERE A HOthead
AS A PUP, TOO.

THE ONLY FOOL HERE,
OMEN OLD BOY, IS YOU. YOU
ONLY DELAY JUDGMENT BY
DEMANDING THIS
HEARING.

AND THE CORRECT TITLE
IS CAPTAIN ALLSTAR GRIMWALD,
OF THE HALRUAN MYSTIC
SHIP PERFECTION, WIZARD
OF NOBLE STANDING AND
BLOOD OF THE GREAT
HOUSE OF GRIMWALD.





I FURTHER STATE, ON MY HONOR AS WIZARD AND SAGE, THAT NETYARCH KIRKSON HIMSELF ENTRUSTED ME WITH THE ASTROLABE OF NIMBRAL TO FURTHER MY WRITTEN ORDERS TO RECOVER AND DISPOSE OF POWERFUL ARTIFACTS.

YOUR MISSION IS IN THE RECORDS, BUT NOWHERE IS THERE PERMISSION TO LEAVE WITH OUR OWN ARTIFACTS.

EVEN AN ARTIFACT THAT I MYSELF BROUGHT TO HALRUAA IN THE FIRST PLACE?

IRRELEVANT! BUT YOUR STATEMENT INVOLVES JUSTIFICATION, AND THEREFORE IMPLIES GUILT.

IT IMPLIES POPPYCOCK! THE NETYARCH GAVE ME HIS PERMISSION VERBALLY!

AND THIS COURT CONTENDS THAT YOU CREEPT INTO THE NETYARCH'S MANOR AND STOLE THE ASTROLABE YOURSELF! YOU DISAPPEARED VERY QUICKLY FROM HALRUAA ONCE YOU ACQUIRED IT.

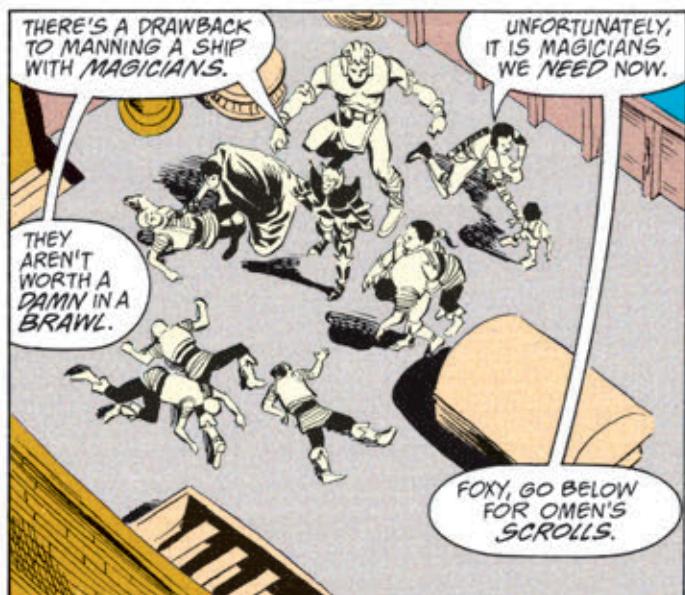


WAS HE ASLEEP OMEN, OR DID YOU ENSORCEL HIM INTO WEARINESS? WERE YOU AFRAID THAT THE NETYARCH WOULD AWAKEN?... THAT YOU'D HAVE TO KILL HIM IF HE FOUND OUT?

IF YOU'RE HALF THE WIZARD YOU CLAIM TO BE, GRIMWALD, THEN A FEW QUICK DIVINATION SPELLS WOULD DETERMINE THE TRUTH.

IN PARTICULAR SINCE DIVINATIONS HAVE OF LATE TURNED DANGEROUS TO THEIR CASTERS, RENDERING THEM MINDLESS--



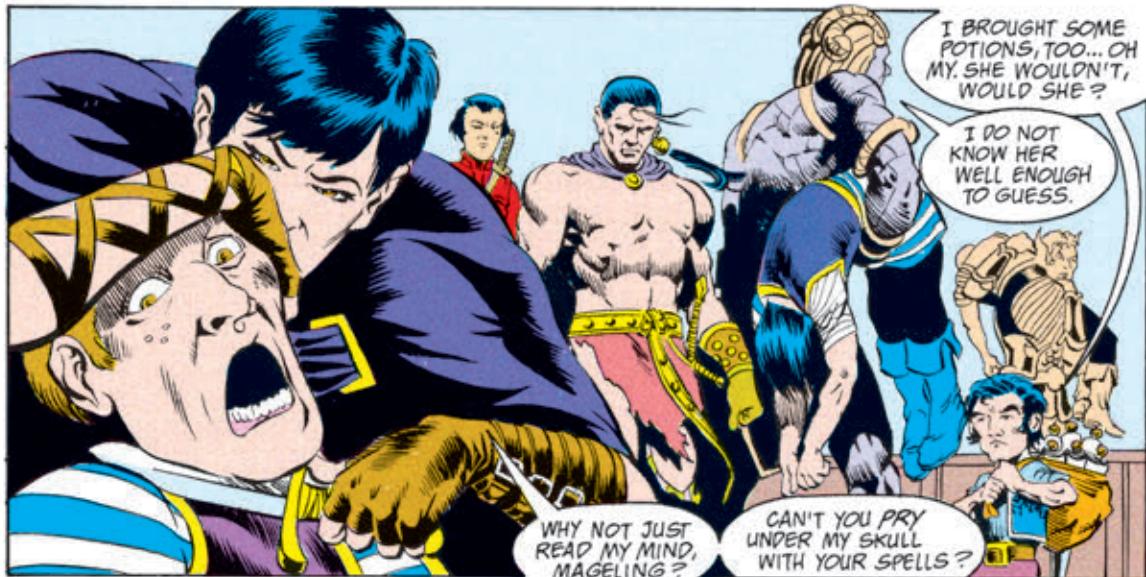


THEN YOU'D BEST HELP US, SOTHRON, OR ELSE YOUR BLOOD WILL SATE THE SEA - GODDESS BEFORE OURS...

JASMINE, I --



ANOTHER STEP, AGRIVAR, AND THE MAGELING HERE GROWS A SECOND MOUTH.



WHY NOT JUST READ MY MIND, MAGELING?

CAN'T YOU PRY UNDER MY SKULL WITH YOUR SPELLS?



ANYTHING USEFUL IN THE SCROLLS?

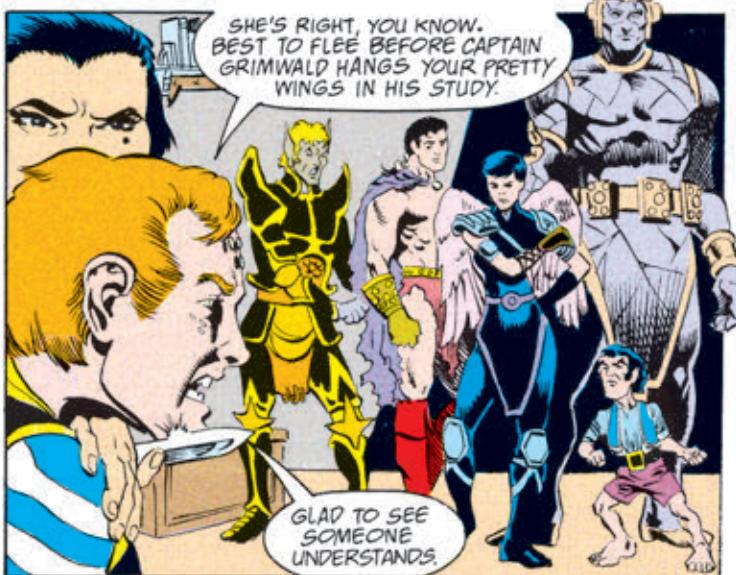
THIS WILL DO, IMPROVED PHANTASMAL FORCE. IT'LL BUY SOME TIME.

TIME, COPPERSKIN, IS JUST THE THING...

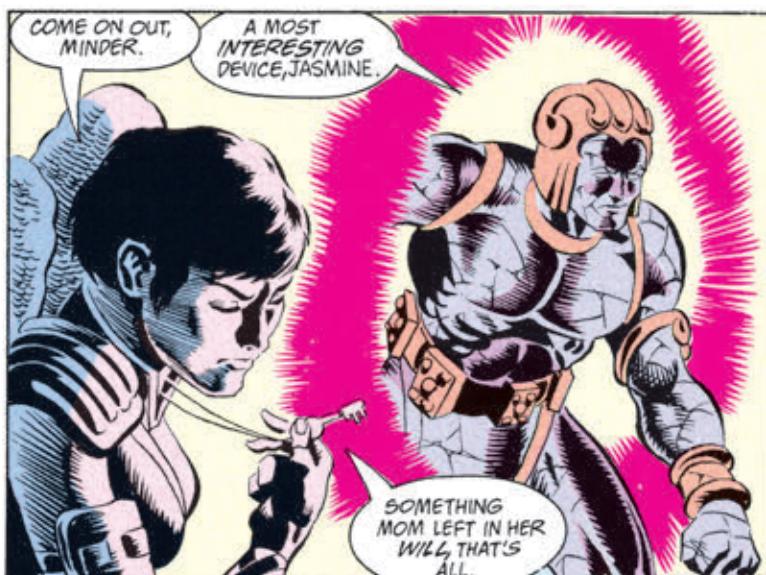
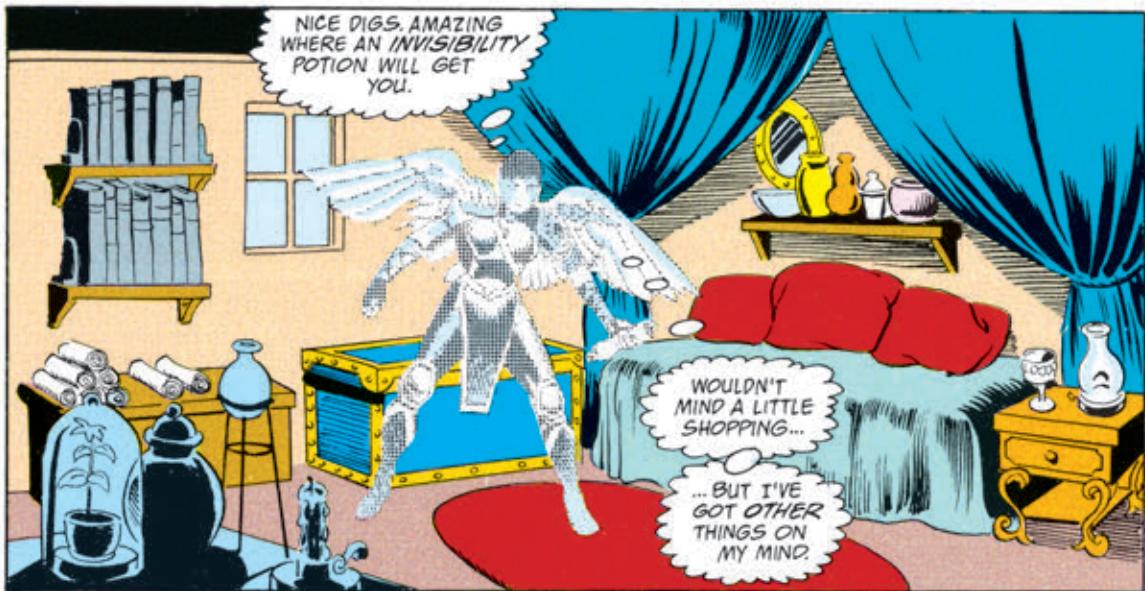




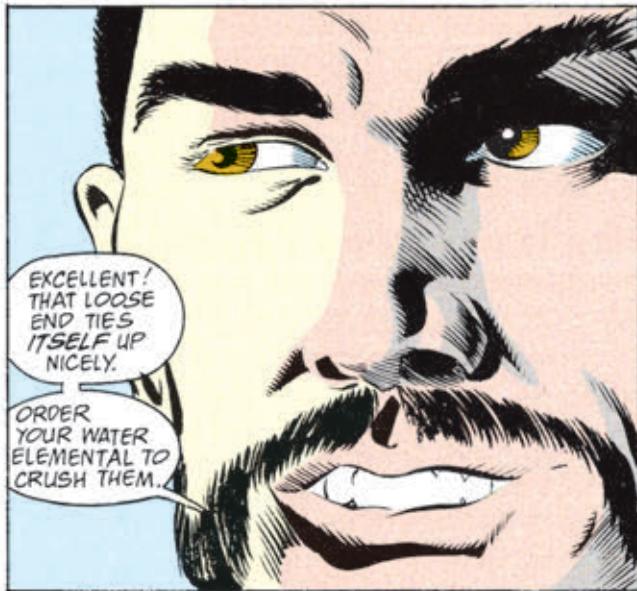












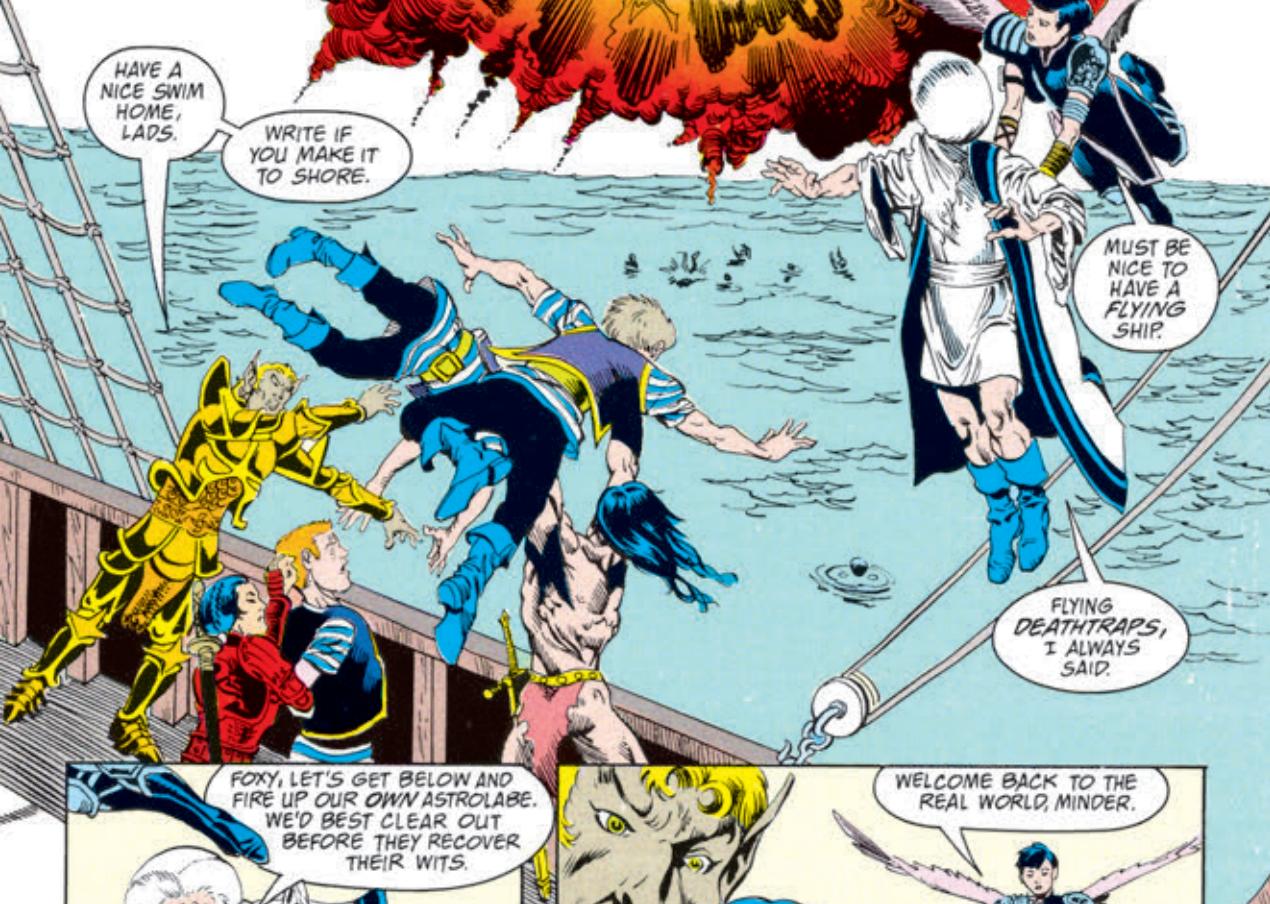
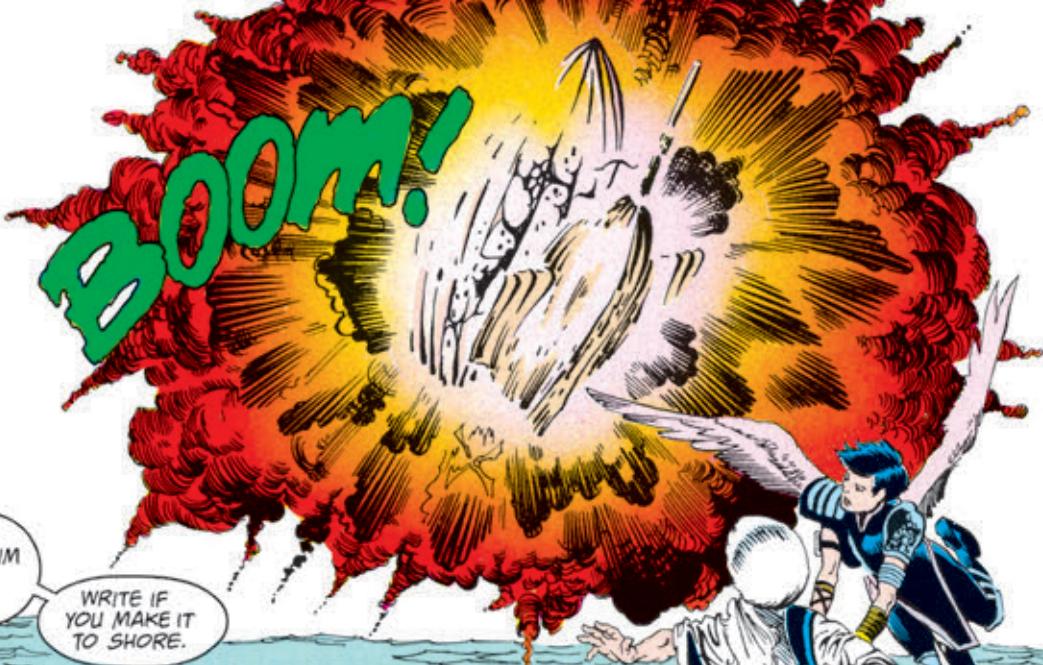


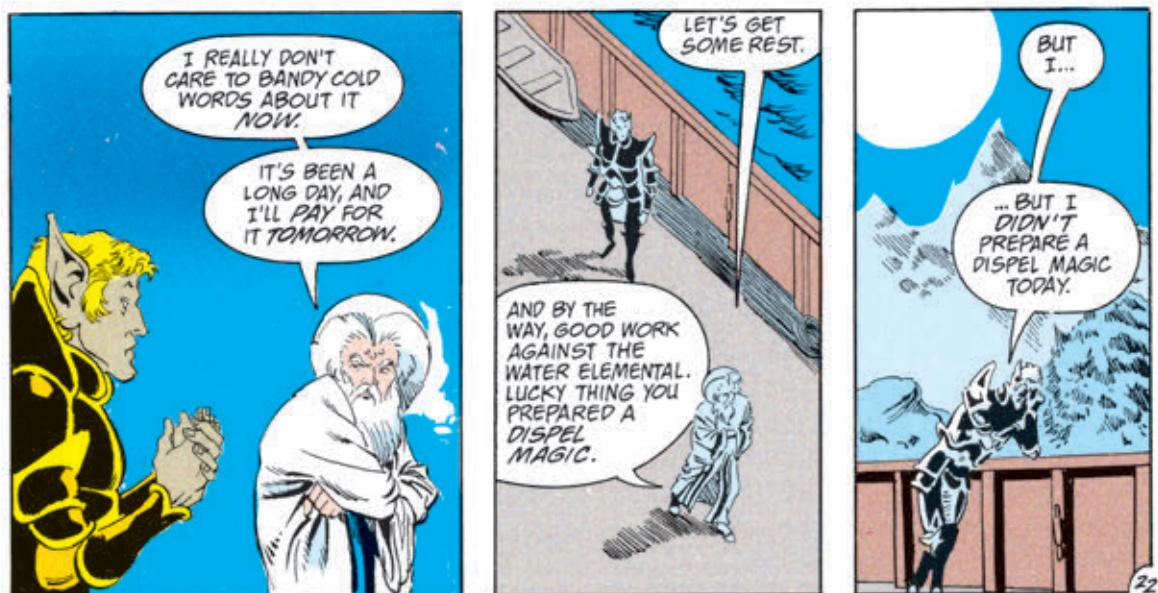
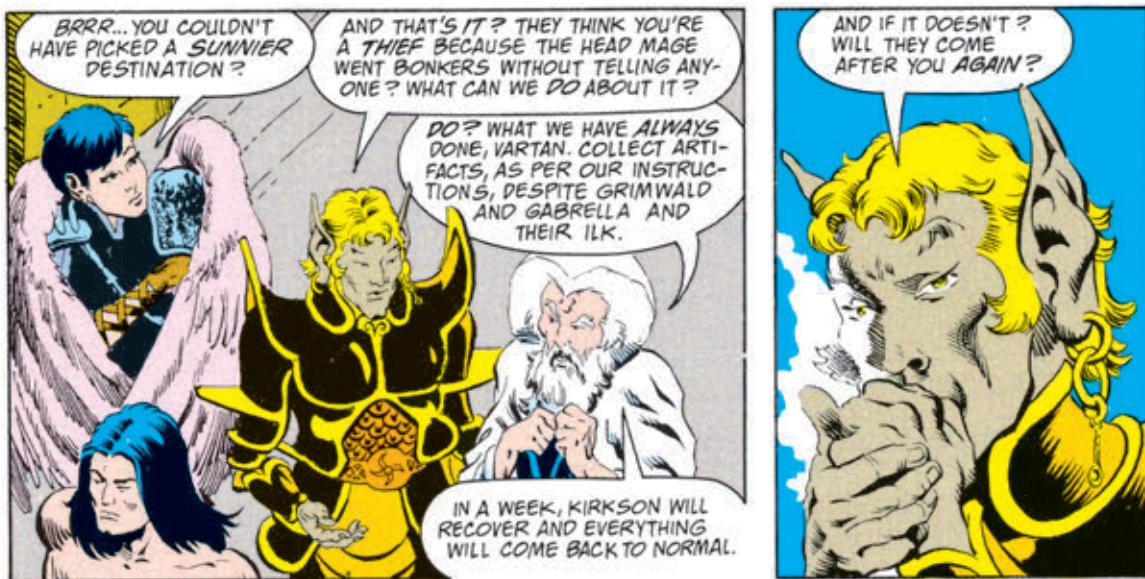
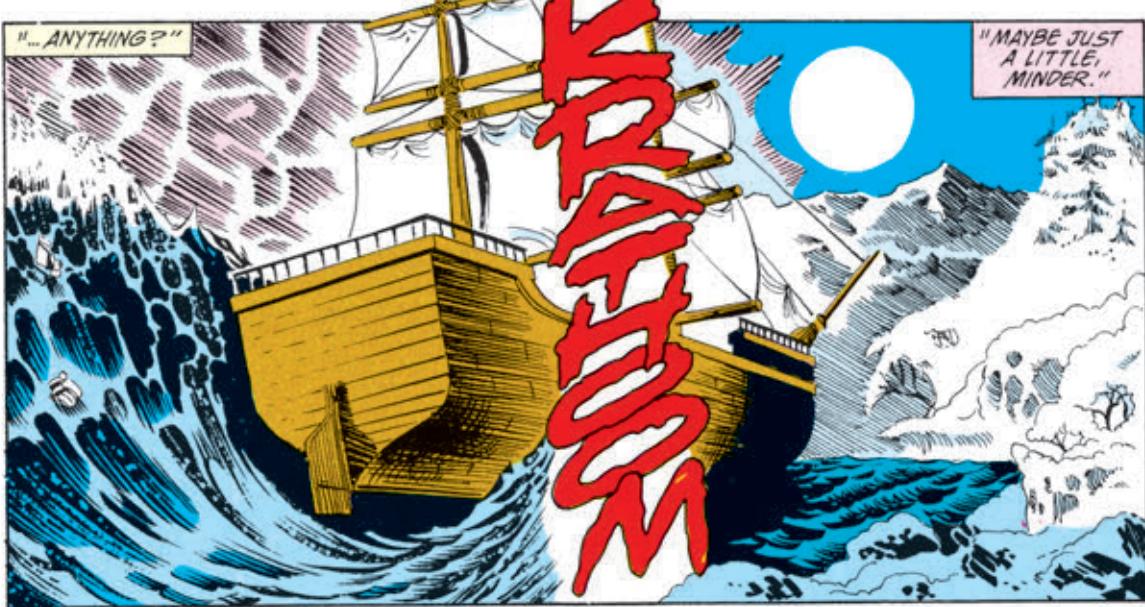
















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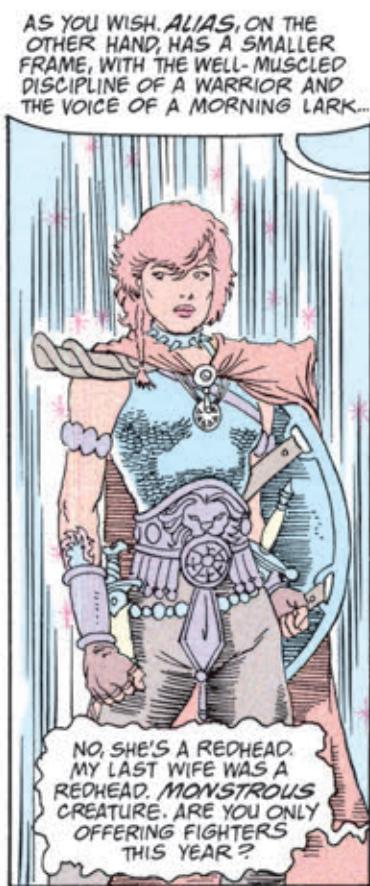
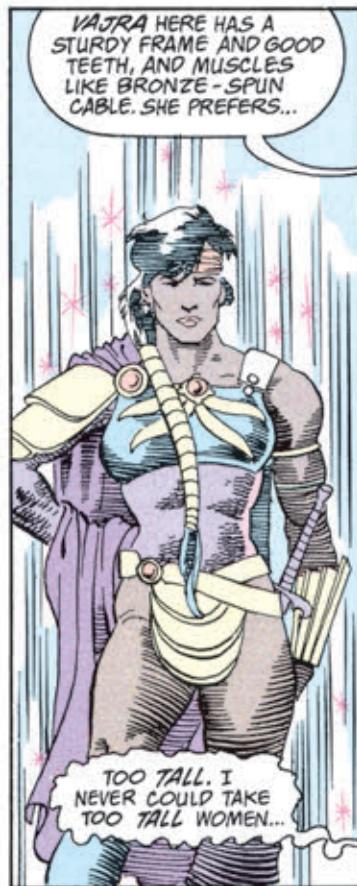
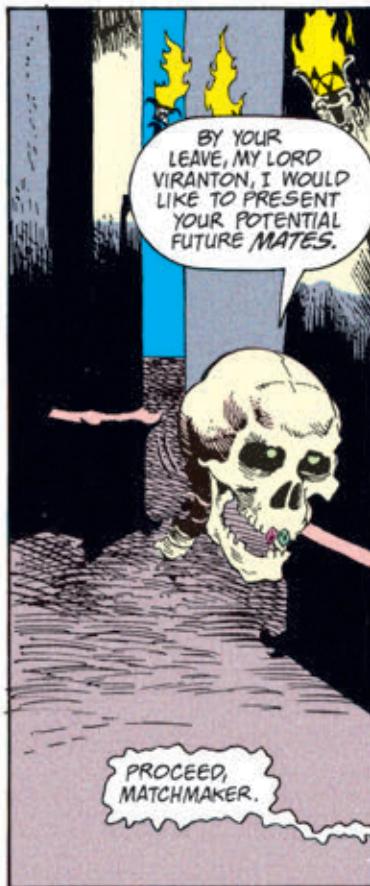
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LICHES
in Love



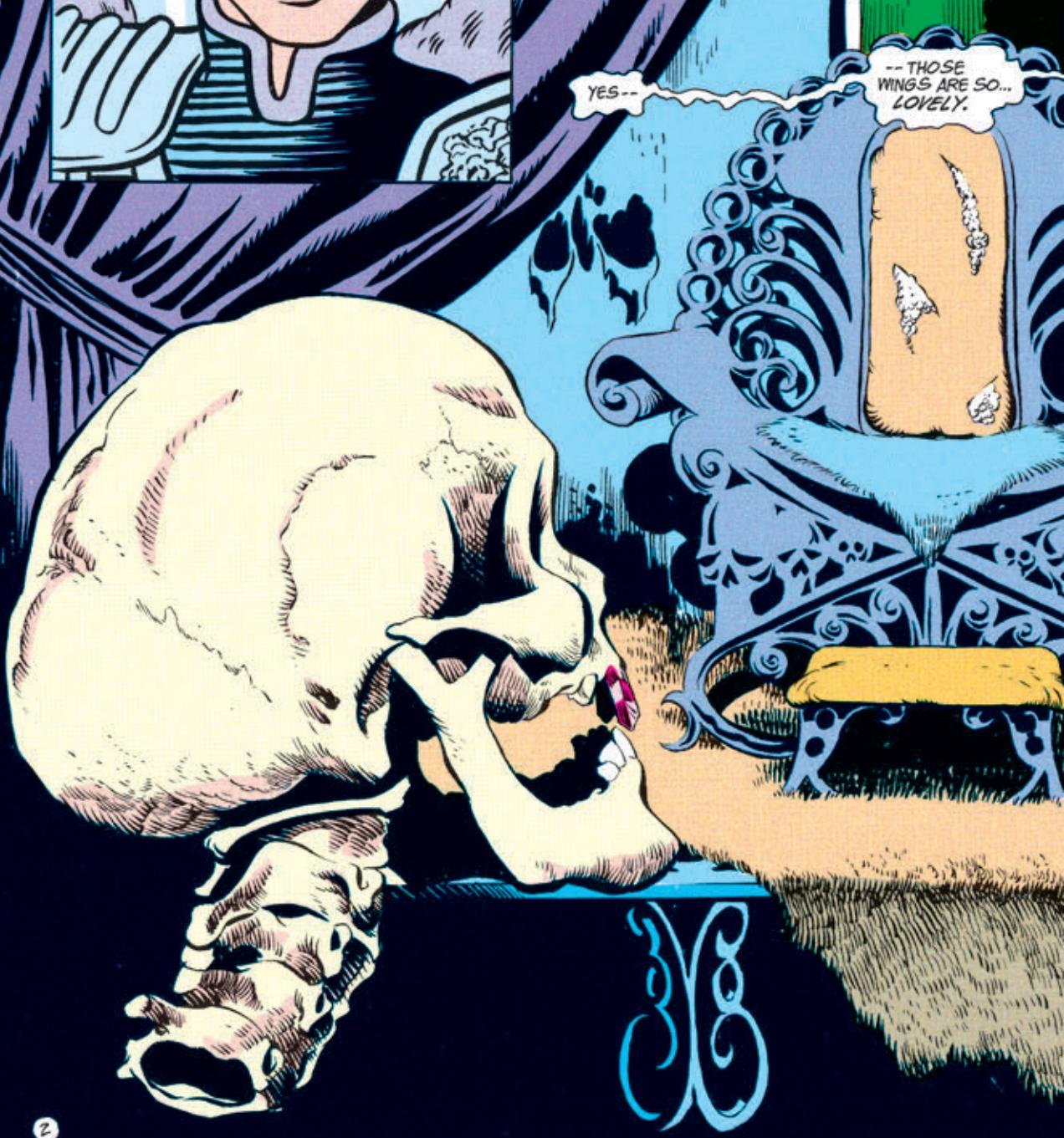




UNDEAD LOVE

YES --

-- THOSE
WINGS ARE SO...
LOVELY.



JEFF
GRUBB
WRITER

RAGS
MORALES
PENCILS
DAVE
SIMONS
INKS

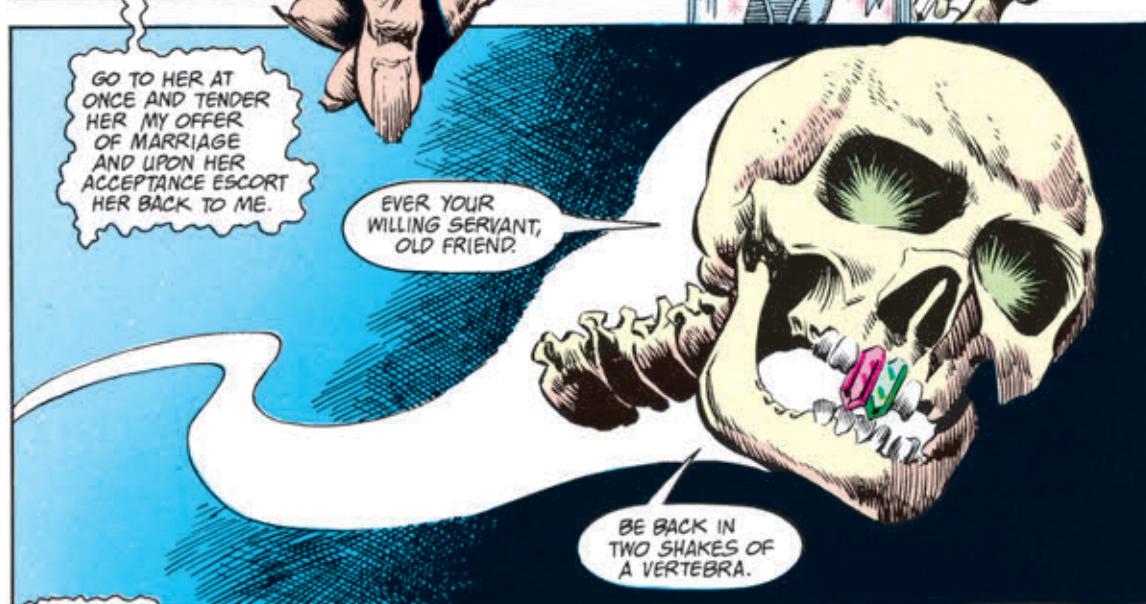
TIM
HARKINS
LETTERER

GENE
D'ANGELO
COLORS

ELLIOT'S
MAGGIN
HEAD NECROMANCER

SUCH A
PRETTY NAME,
TOO.









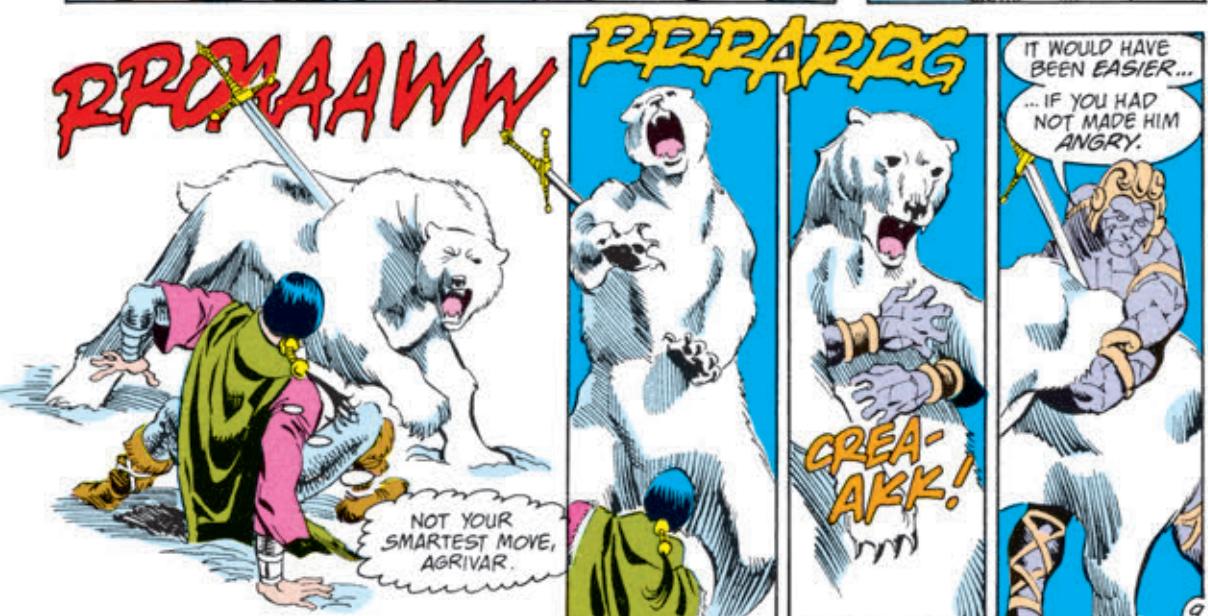
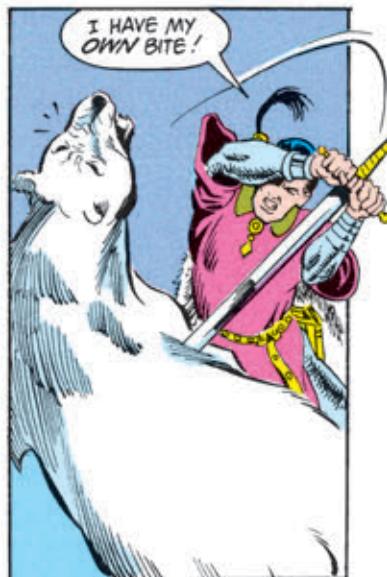


YOU'RE
GOING TO
GET YOUR
WISH...!

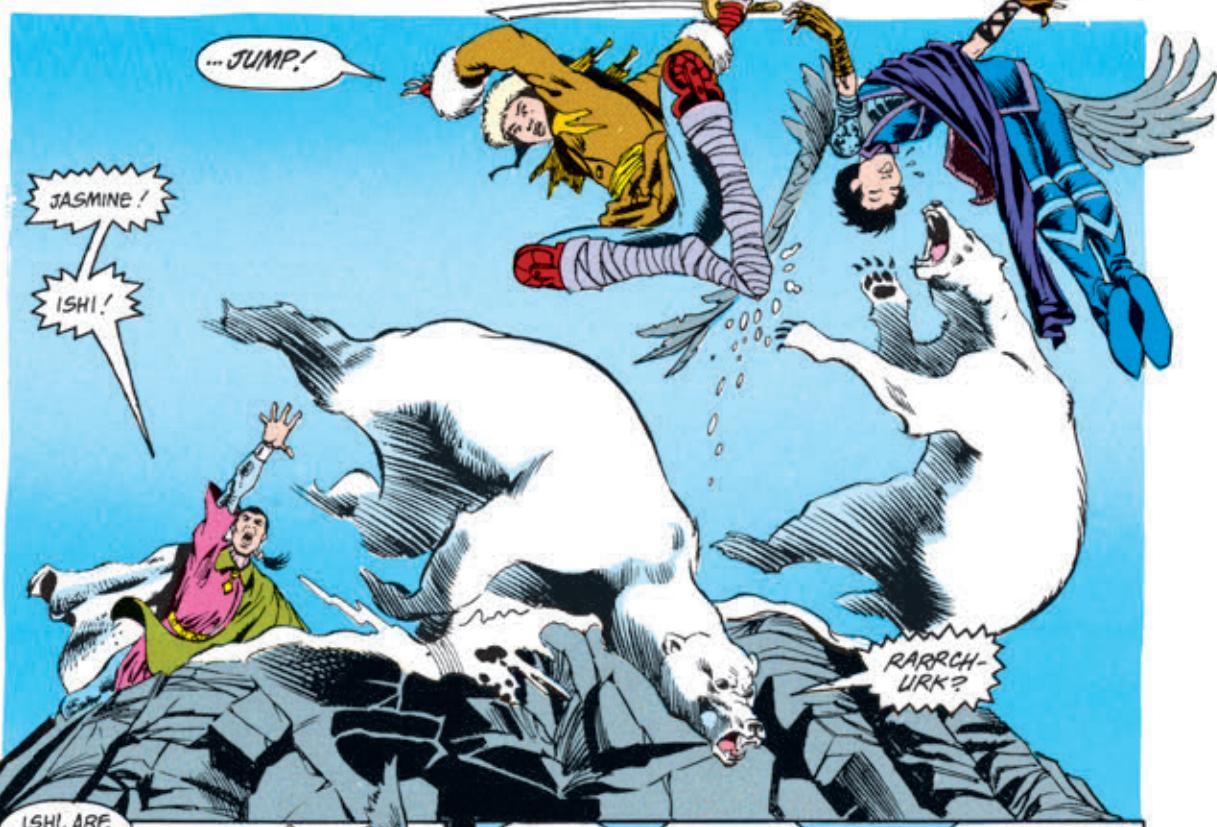
DEFILERS
OF THE SHRINE
OF MITHRAK! FEEL
THE VENGEANCE OF
RENDER, THE
BEAR-GOD!

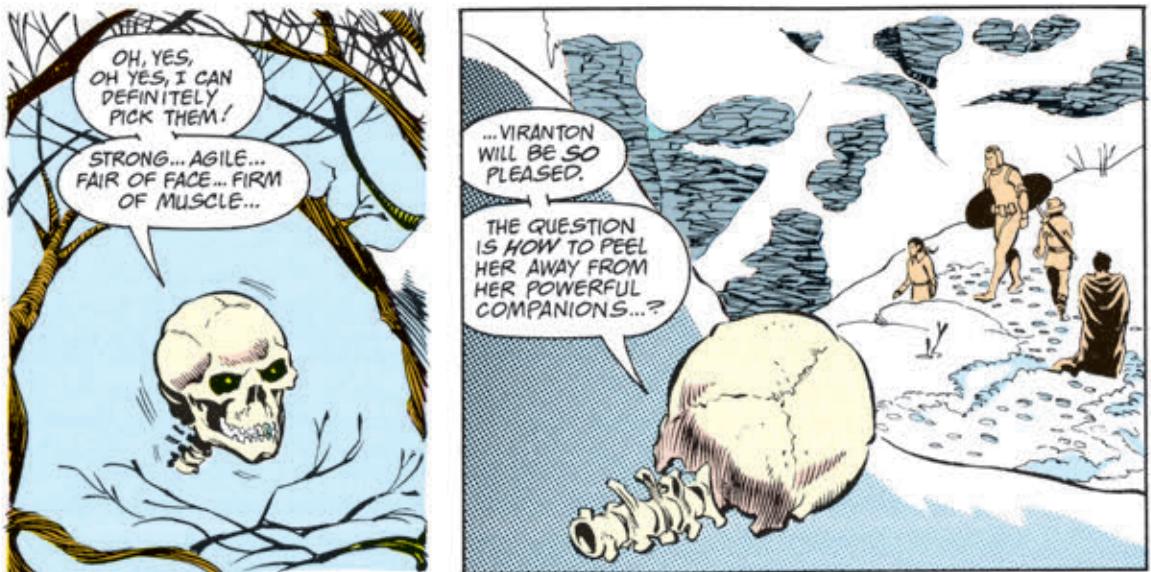
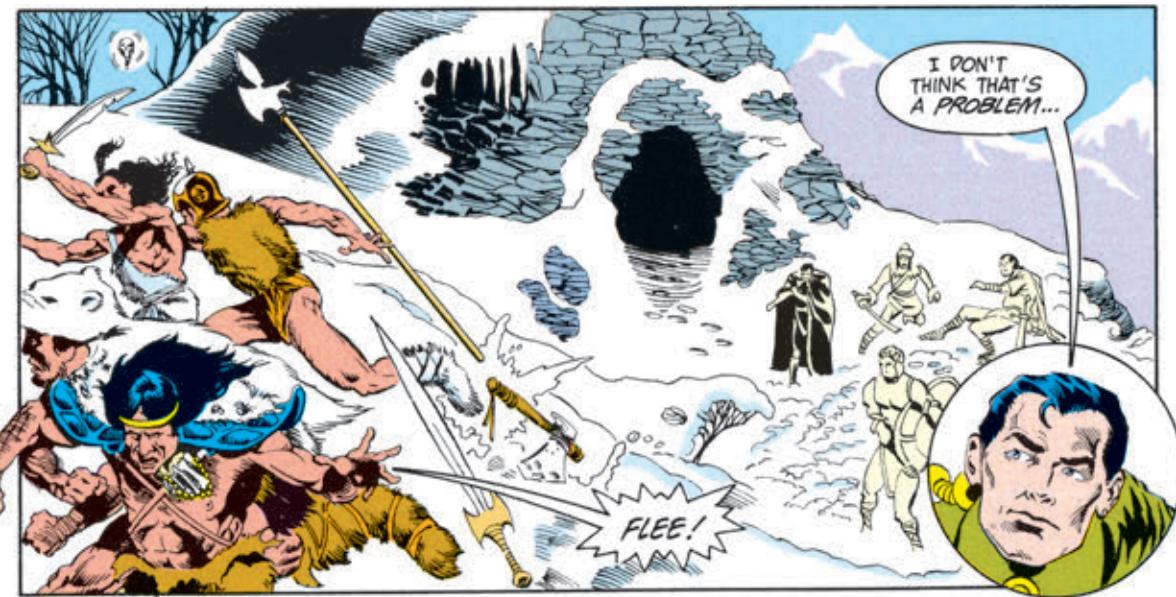
ROOOALLL

ULP.

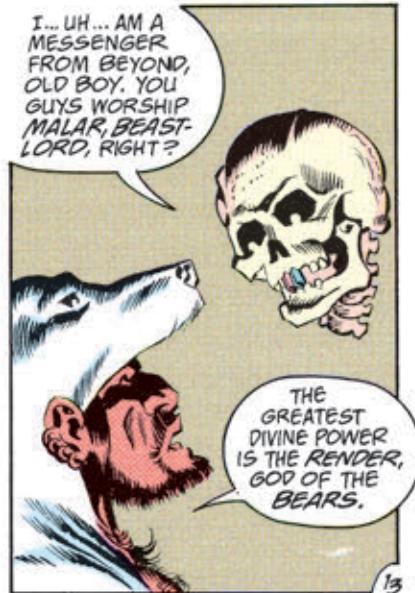
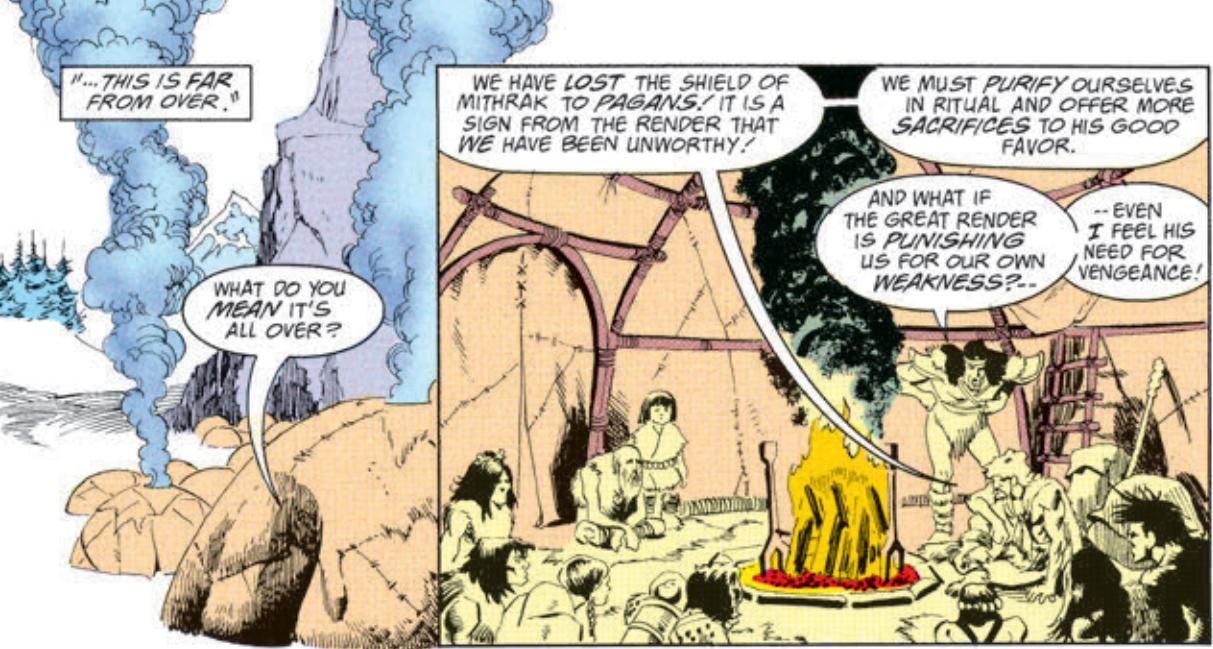


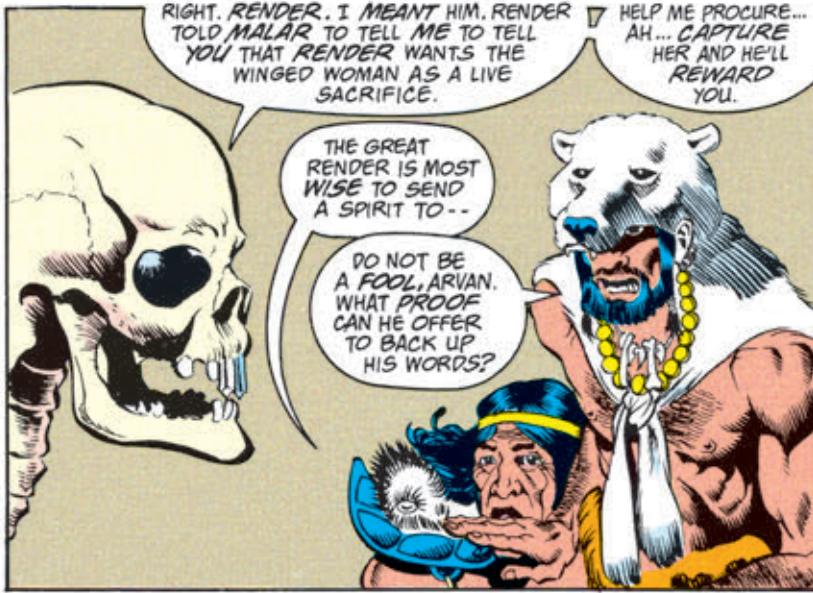
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN EASIER...
...IF YOU HAD NOT MADE HIM ANGRY.

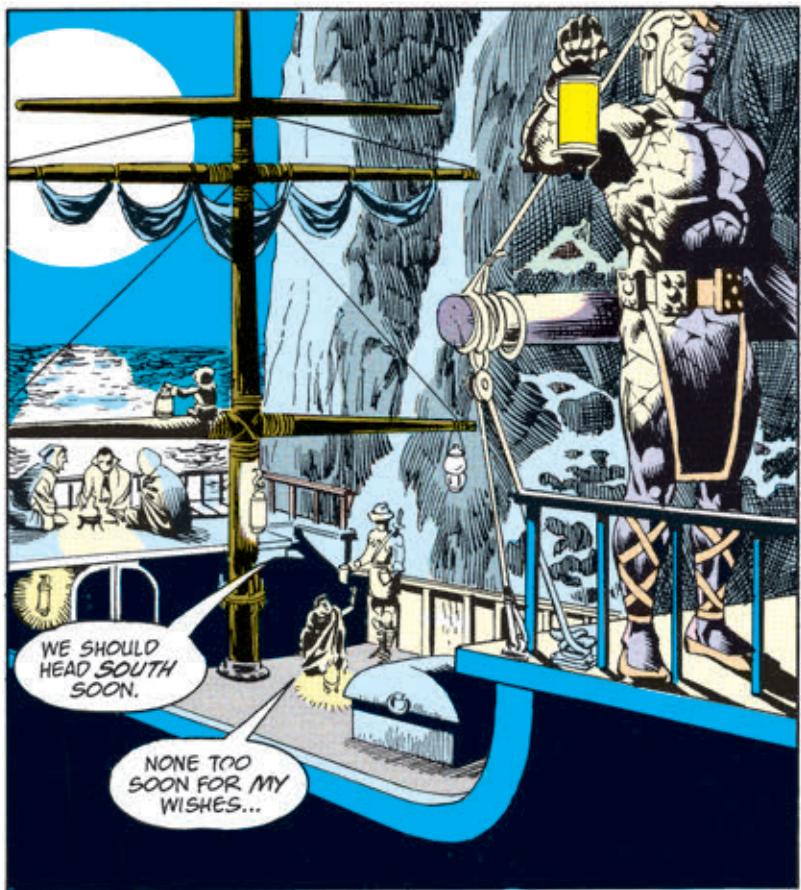


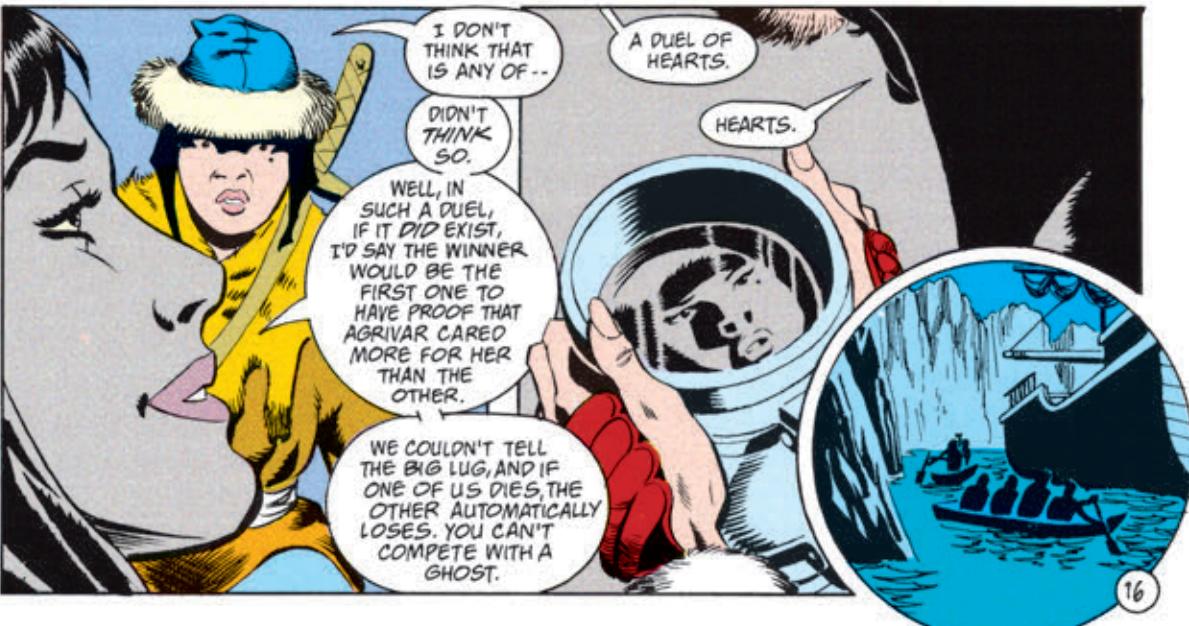












...AND WE CAN PICK UP A FEW MORE OF THE ARTIFACTS ON THE WAY--

AND I THINK THAT RETURNING TO HALRUUA IS THE **WORST** THOUGHT YOU'VE HAD IN A LONG RUN OF BAD IDEAS.

YOUR CONDITION MERITS MORE STUDY THAN I AM CAPABLE OF WITH OUR LIMITED SHIPBOARD FACILITIES. FURTHER, WITH THE NETYARCH INCAPACITATED, I SHOULD RETURN TO DEFEND MYSELF.



IF THERE WERE A COUNTRY TEMPORARILY RUN BY MY DISGRUNTLED OLD GIRL-FRIEND, THAT IS ONE COUNTRY I WOULD AVOID.

WHY NOT STICK A FIREBALL WAND DOWN YOUR PANTS? IT'D HAVE THE SAME EFFECT.

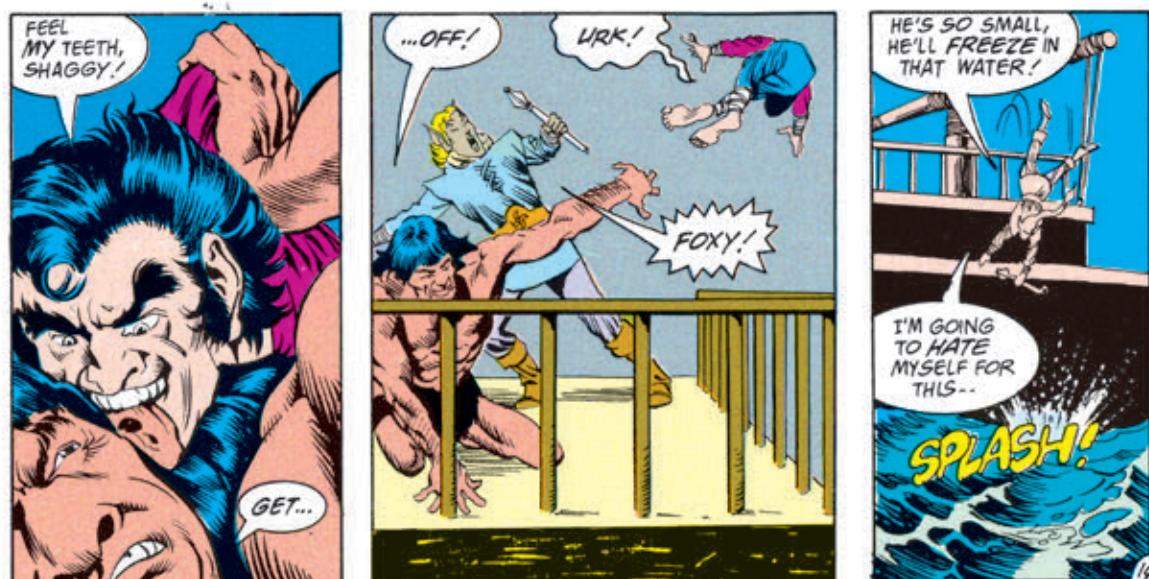
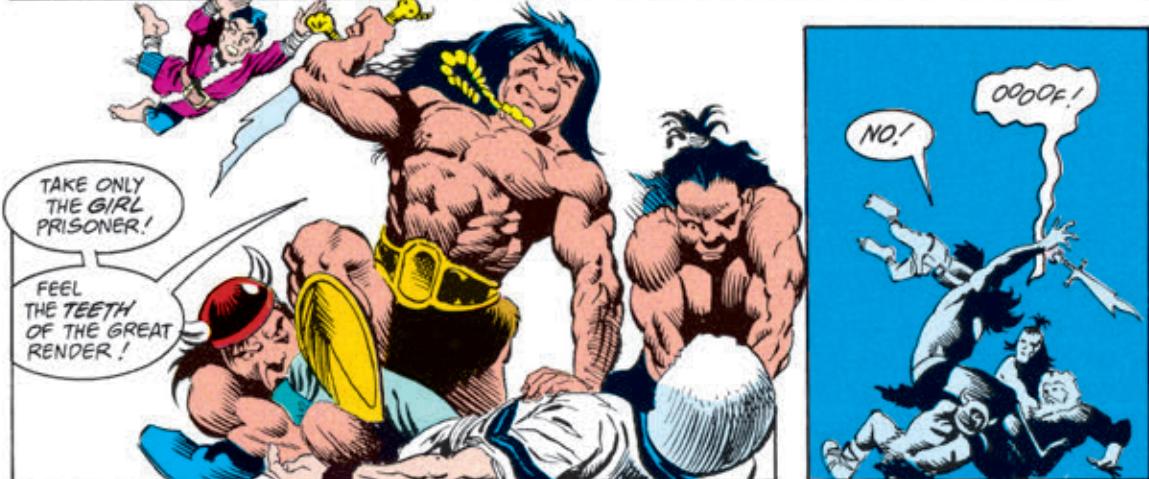
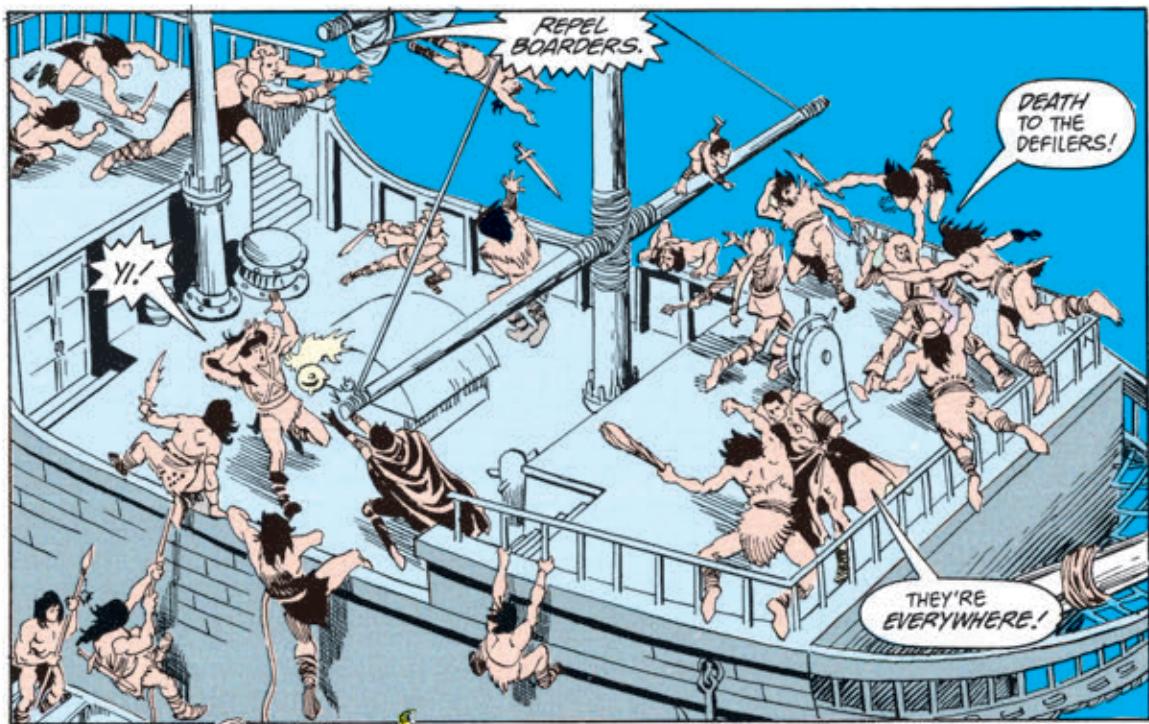
VAR-TAN.

PALADIN, YOU HAVEN'T HAD THIS OLD HEDGE-WIZARD AND HIS CO-MEDIAN ASSISTANT POKING AT YOUR BODY ALL AFTERNOON.

HEY, IT WAS NO HOLIDAY FOR US, EITHER--

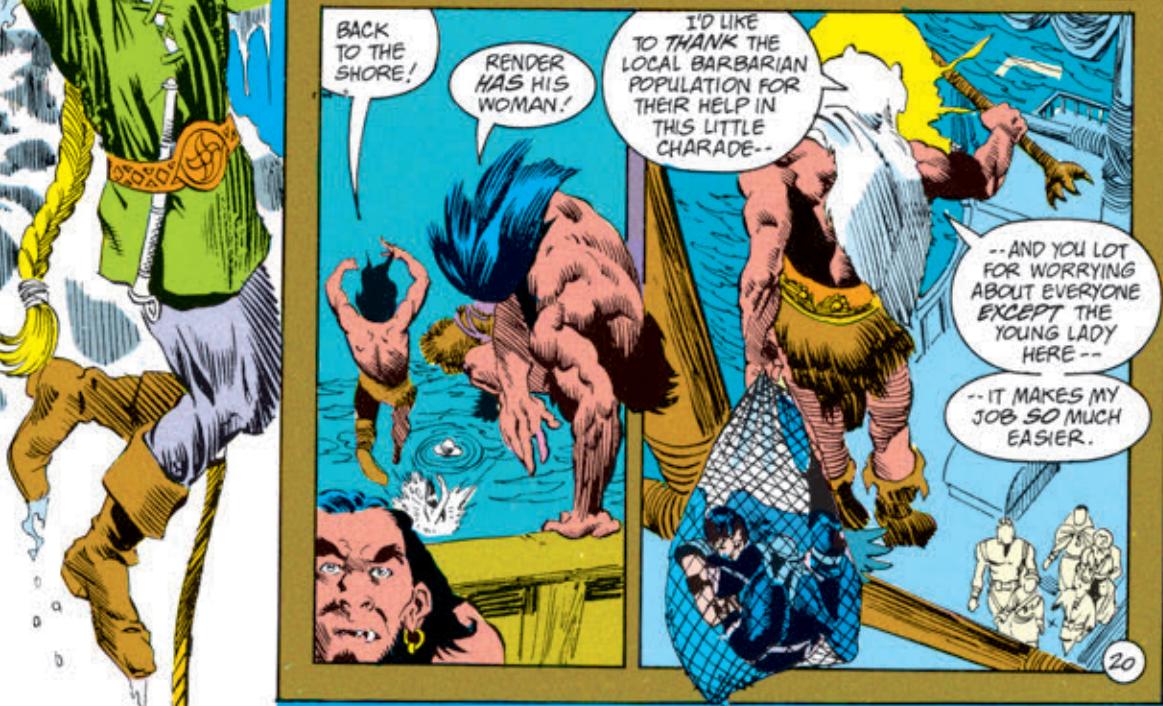
THE LAST THING I WANT TO DO IS ENTER A COUNTRY FULL OF WIZARDS READY TO TREAT ME LIKE A SLAB OF MAGICAL--

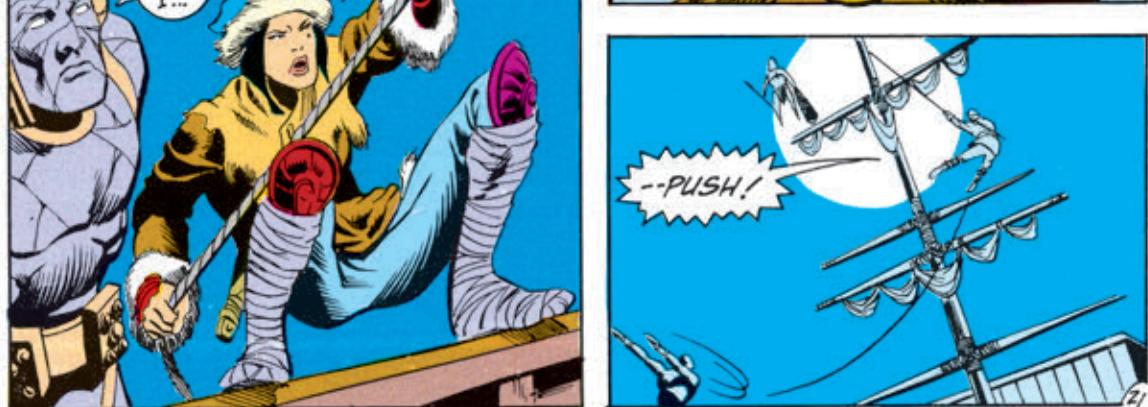
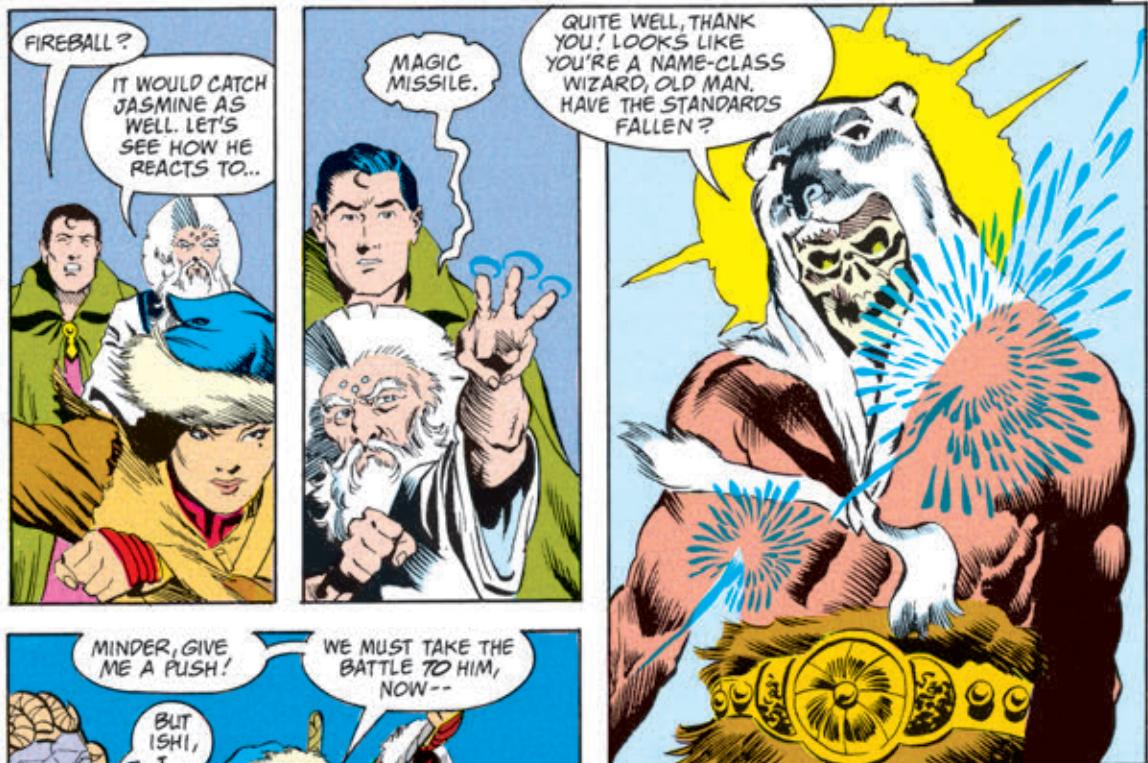
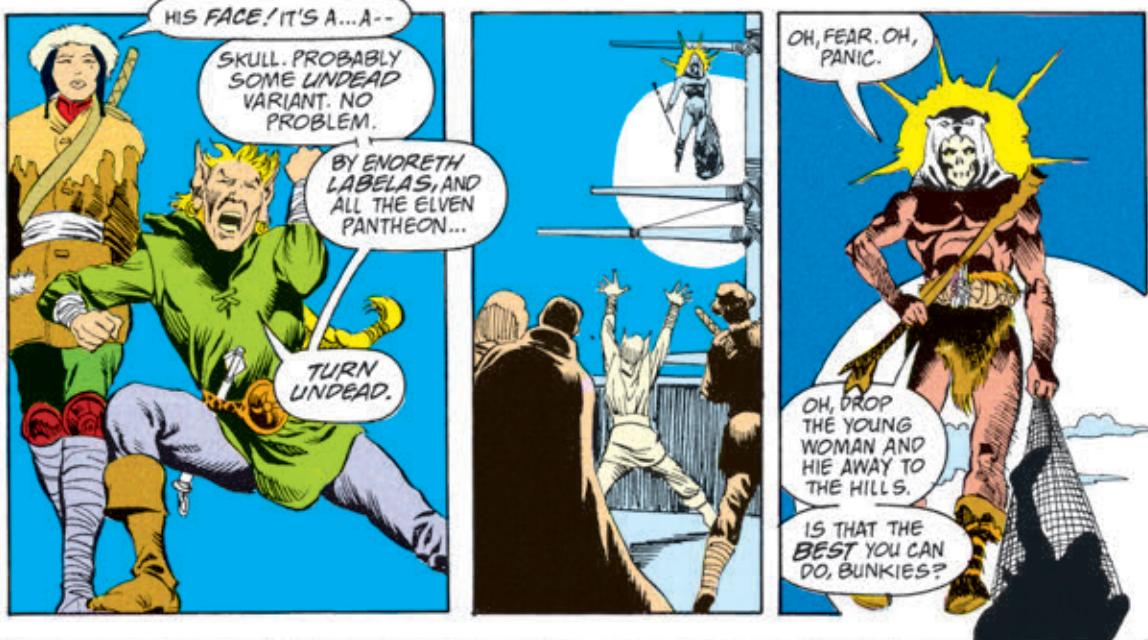


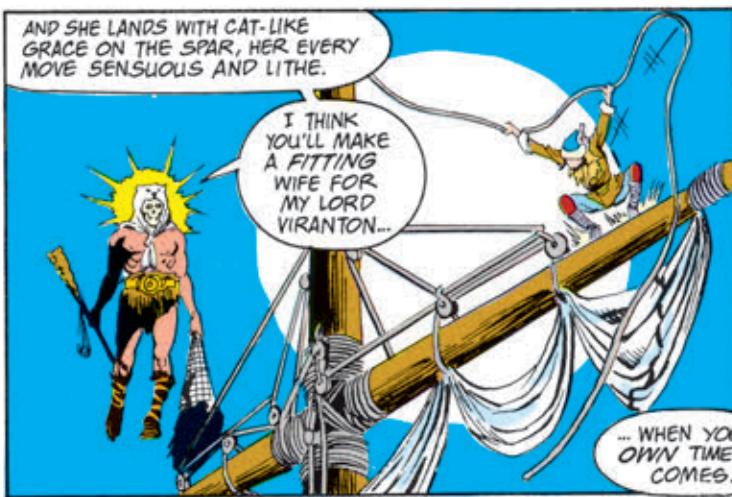


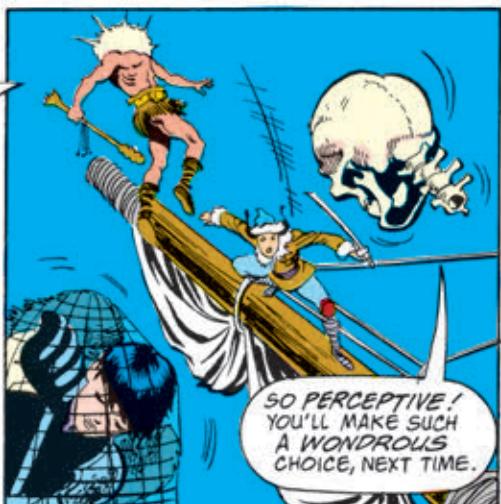


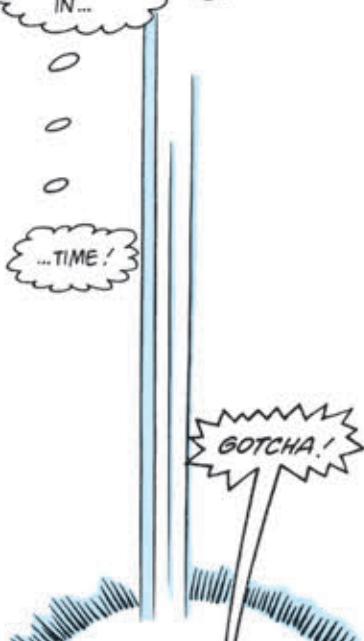
...SO I MIGHT CAPTURE THE FAIR TURTLE-DOVE.











DON'T LOOK FOR THE CONCLUSION TO THIS TALE HERE NEXT MONTH! INSTEAD CHECK OUT THE TSR WORLDS ANNUAL FOR THE FINAL FATE OF JASMINE! THEN COME BACK HERE WHEN WE (FINALLY) REVEAL WHAT'S BEEN BUGGING VARTAN AS THE AVATAR CRISIS RIPS THE REALMS APART IN "FALLEN IDOLS!"



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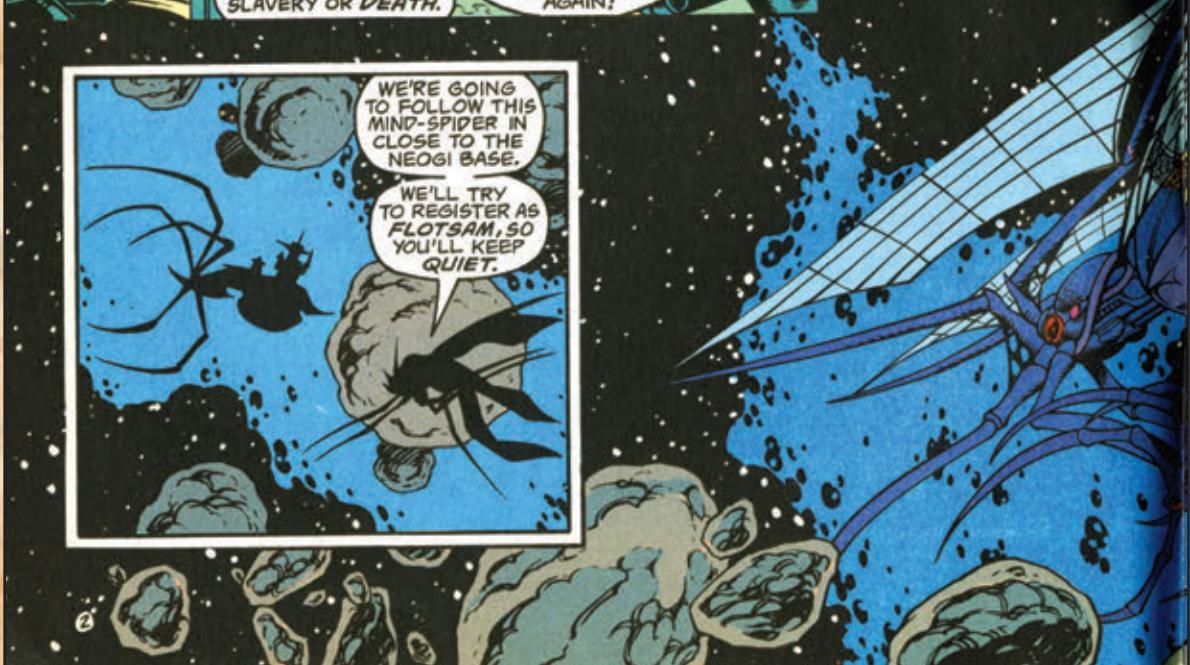
by Kesel, Collins & Elliott



JAMMERS



QUIT YOUR CHATTERIN', BOY.
OF COURSE, WE REALIZE
YOU'RE AN OLD HAND AT
WILDSPACE TRAVEL, BUT
YOUR WORRYIN' MIGHT MAKE
THE CREW NERVOUS.





BARBARA KESEL, JIM LOWDER
KATE NOVAK-GRUBB & DAN MISHKIN
WRITERS

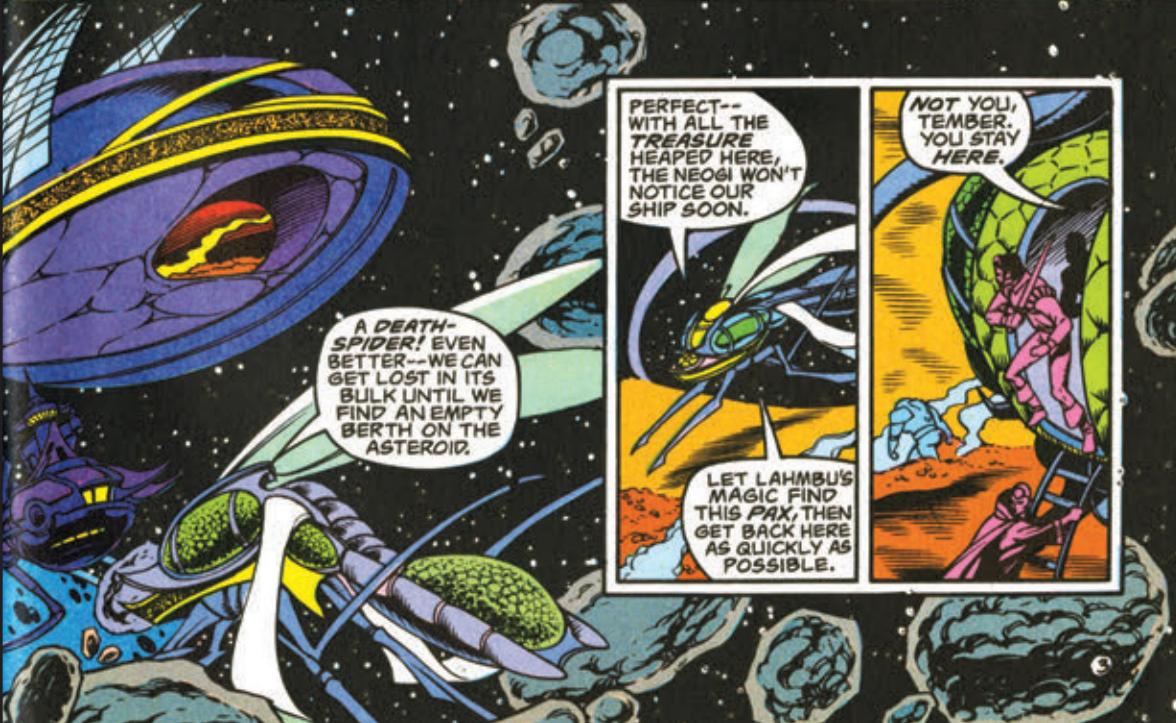
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RAGS MORALES & ALAN KUPPERBERG
INKERS

STEVE HAYNIE
LETTERER

ERIC KACHELHOFER
COLORIST

ELLIOT S. MAGGIN
EDITOR





MOVE, BOY! THE
SHIP'S A LOSS!

NOT MUCH GOOD
FOR GETTING AWAY
IN NOW, IS IT?

OUR
POOR
SHIP!

WE'RE
DOOMED--
AND IT'S ALL
MY FAULT!

WE'RE
NOT
DOOMED...

...NOT WHILE I HAVE THIS!
WE JUST NEED TO
FIND SOMETHING
SPACEWORTHY--

--AND THIS
CROWN OF
STARS WILL
MAKE IT
FLY!

MERRY--WHAT
HAPPENED?

UMBER
HULKS
DESTROYED
THE SHIP.

WE'LL
NEED ANOTHER--
A BASE THIS SIZE
CERTAINLY HAS A
FEW SPARES.

TEMBER?
I DIDN'T MEAN TO,
FATHER PAX.

DON'T
LAG, YOU
TWO!

WHAT
IN THE FIERY
PHLOGISTON
IS THAT?

A SHIP?

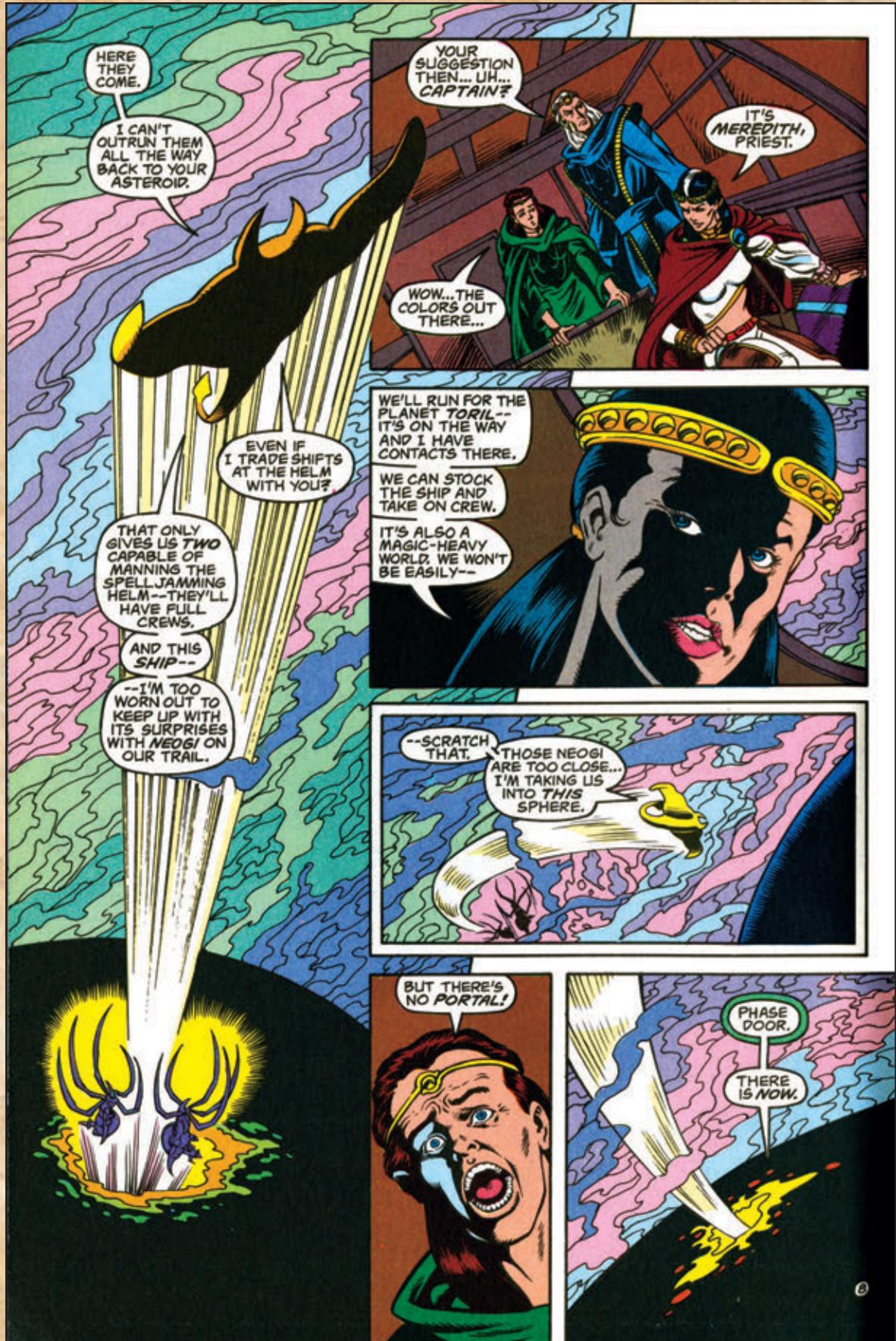
I DON'T
KNOW.

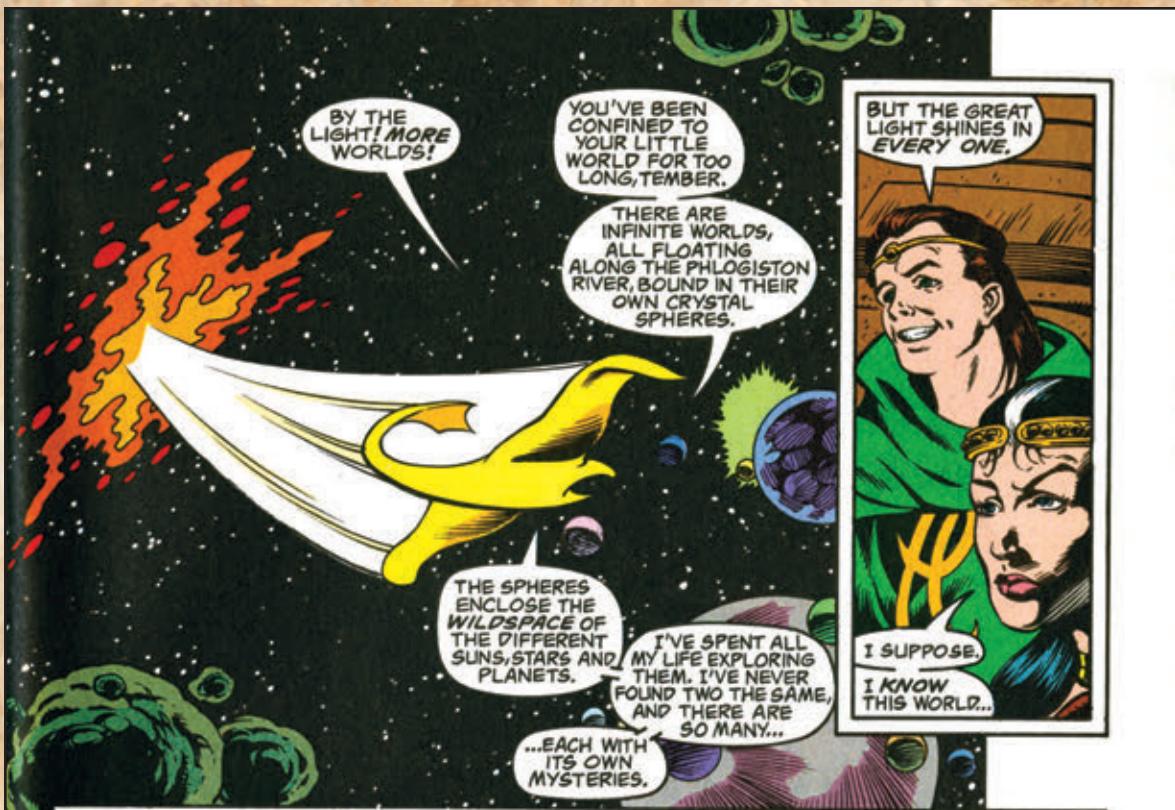
IT LOOKS LIKE AN
OLD LEGEND I'VE
HEARD OF--THE
SPELLJAMMER...

LIGHT.









CHAPTER 2

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MEREDITH'S ATTITUDE-- THE WAY SHE SPEAKS TO ME.

WHY, IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER...

...I'D THINK SHE DIDN'T TRUST ME TO DO A LITTLE THING LIKE THIS.

NO DOUBT THE SORT OF LIFE SHE LIVES HAS HARDENED HER...

...AND SHE MIGHT NATURALLY HAVE TROUBLE DEALING WITH SOMEONE SO MUCH YOUNGER THAN SHE--

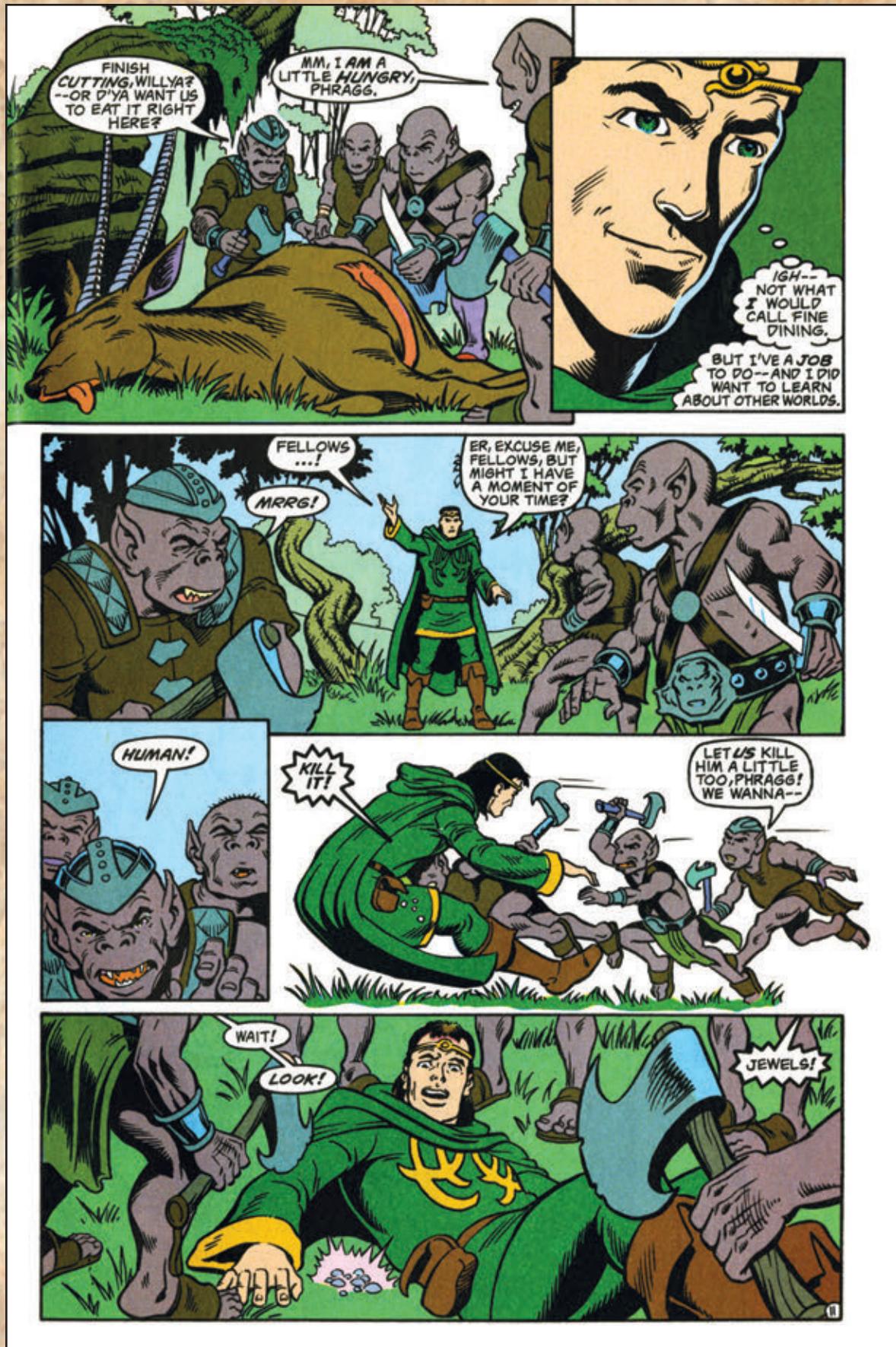
--WHO POSSESSES THE WISDOM OF A RELIGIOUS TRAINING THAT SHE'S NEVER KNOWN.

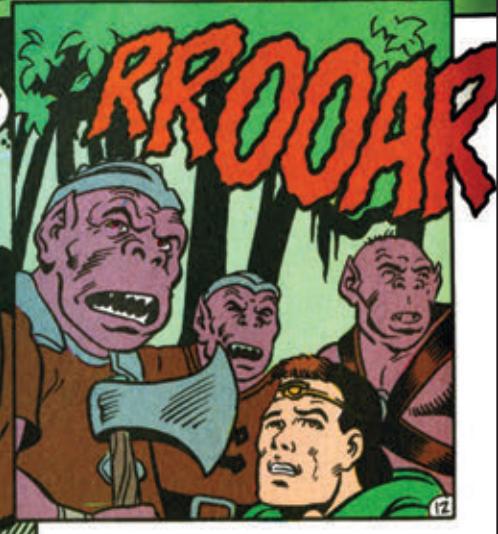
YES, I'M SURE THAT THAT'S THE EXPLANATION FOR HER--

OH!

OH MY!





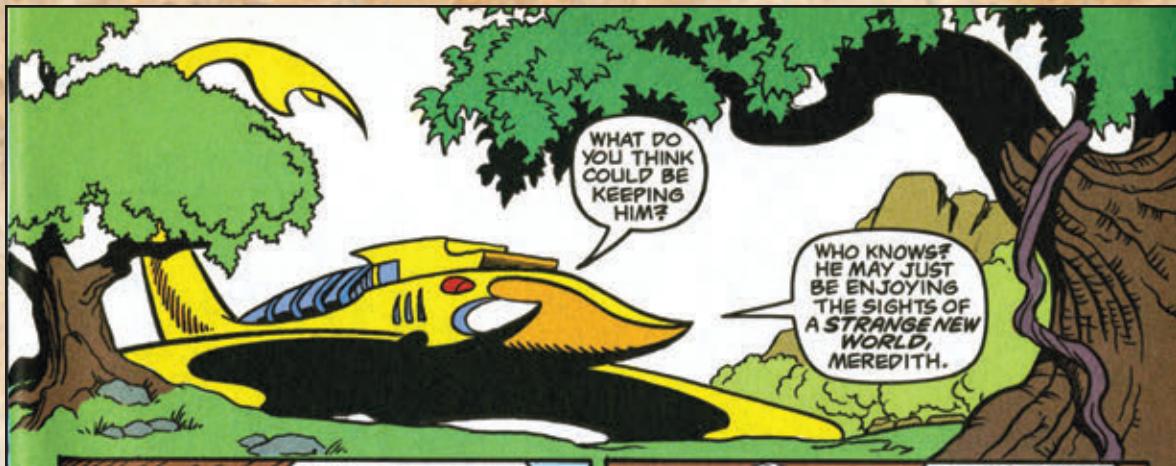












I DO HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, PAX.



















AND SOON...

WHAT WILL YOU TWO DO NOW? IT'S OBVIOUS THAT YOU CAN'T RETURN TO YOUR PEOPLE.

NO, BUT I HAVE HAD OTHER VISIONS OF STRANGERS WHO MIGHT AID US...

...WHO MAY HELP US SPREAD THE WORD OF GOOD ACROSS TALADAS.

I BELIEVE WE SHALL FIND THEM IN THE LAND OF THE MINOTAURS --TO THE SOUTH ACROSS THE TIDERUN.

AND THESE JEWELS WILL SURELY HELP TO SMOOTH OUR PASSAGE.

THANK YOU, TEMBER.

I HATE TO BREAK THIS UP, BUT IT'S TIME TO GO. THERE ARE MORE WORLDS OUT THERE.

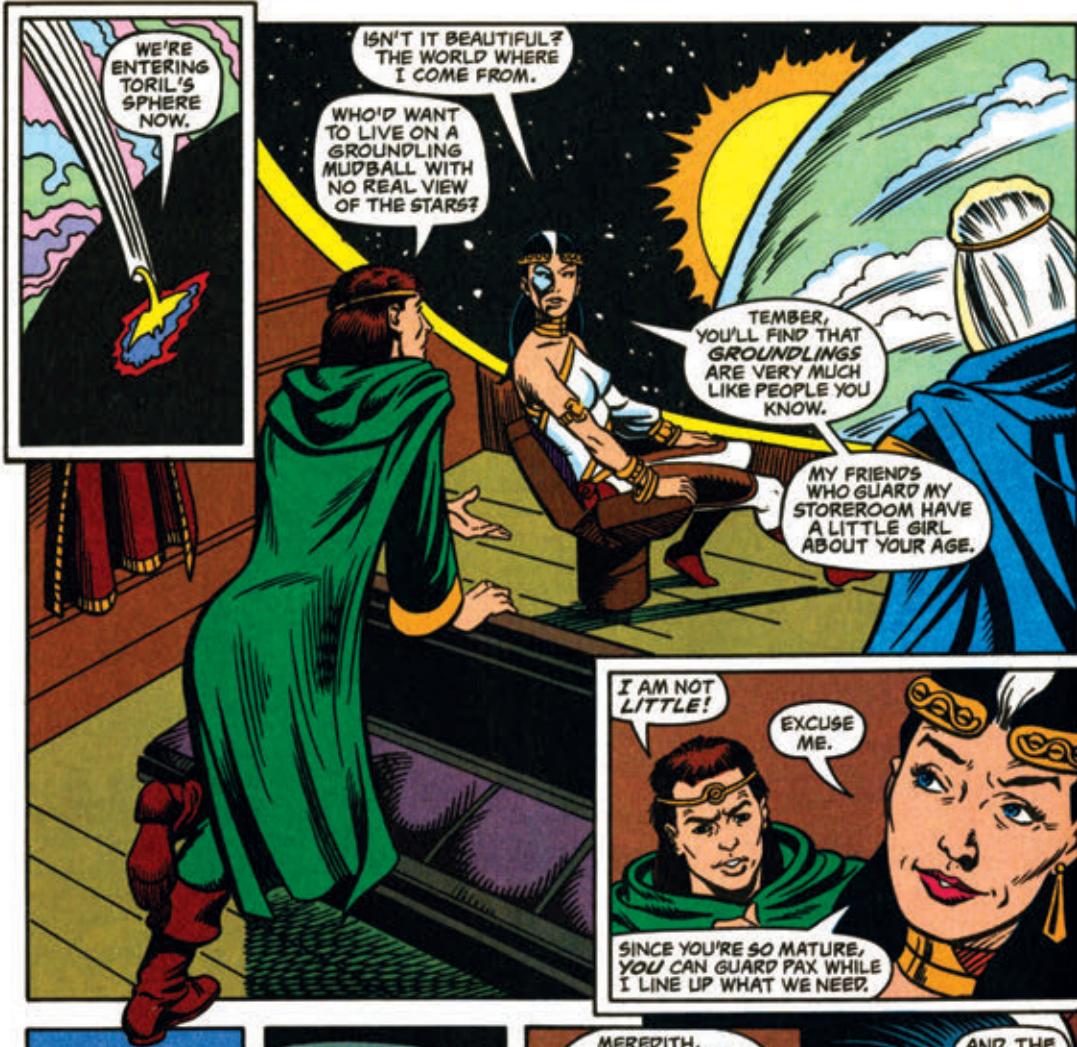
FOR YOU, GOOD MEREDITH.

BUT WE HAVE ONLY THIS WORLD...

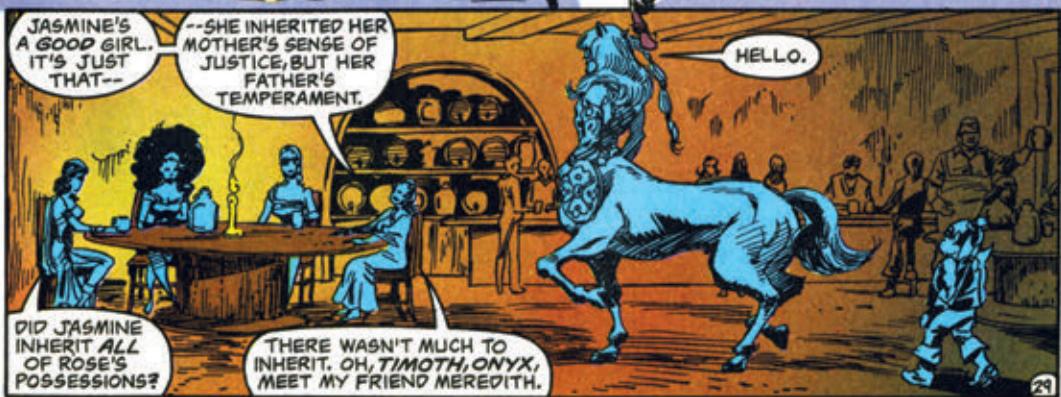
...AND WE WILL SAVE IT IF WE CAN.

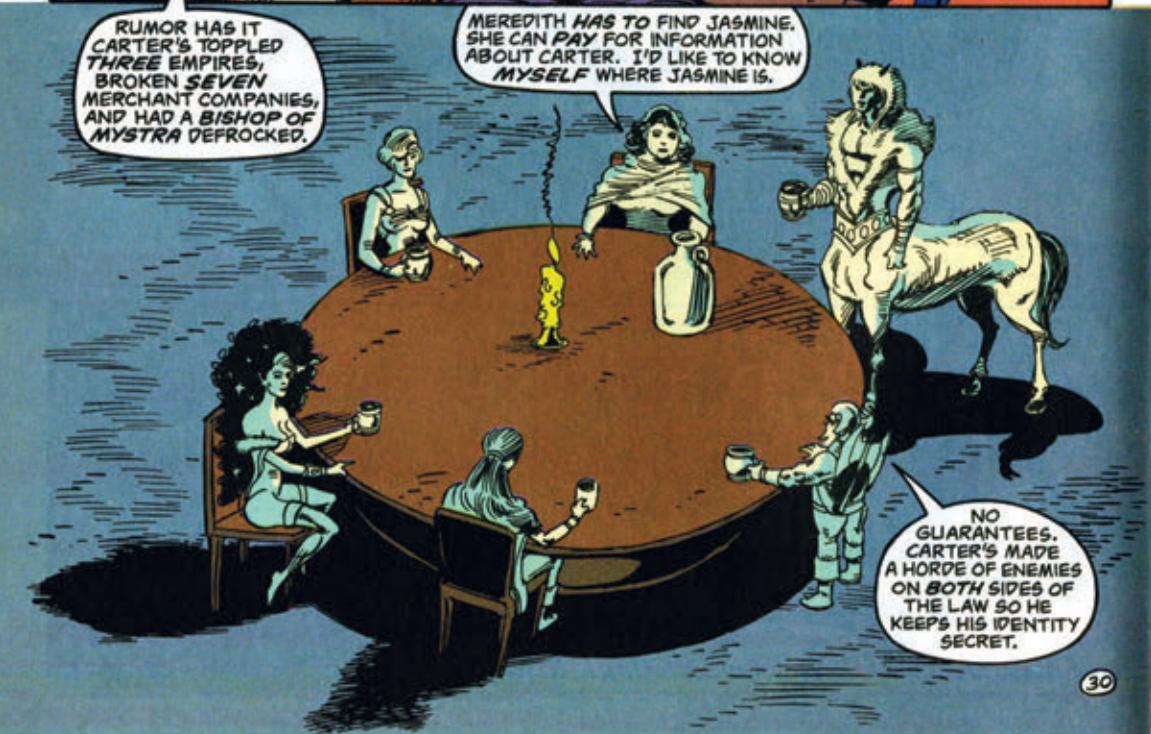


IT WILL ONLY ACCEPT ORDERS FROM YOU, MEREDITH.
IT'S REJECTED ME COMPLETELY. THIS IS MOST ODD.



CHAPTER 3





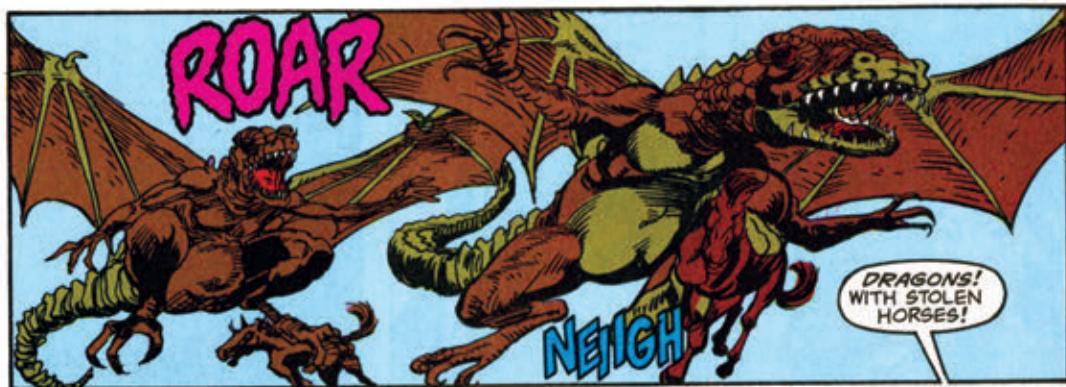




EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, NORTH OF WATERDEEP, ON THE ROAD TO NEVERWINTER...



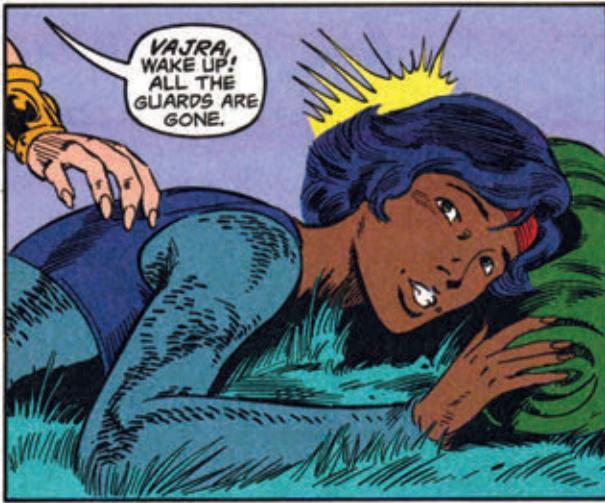








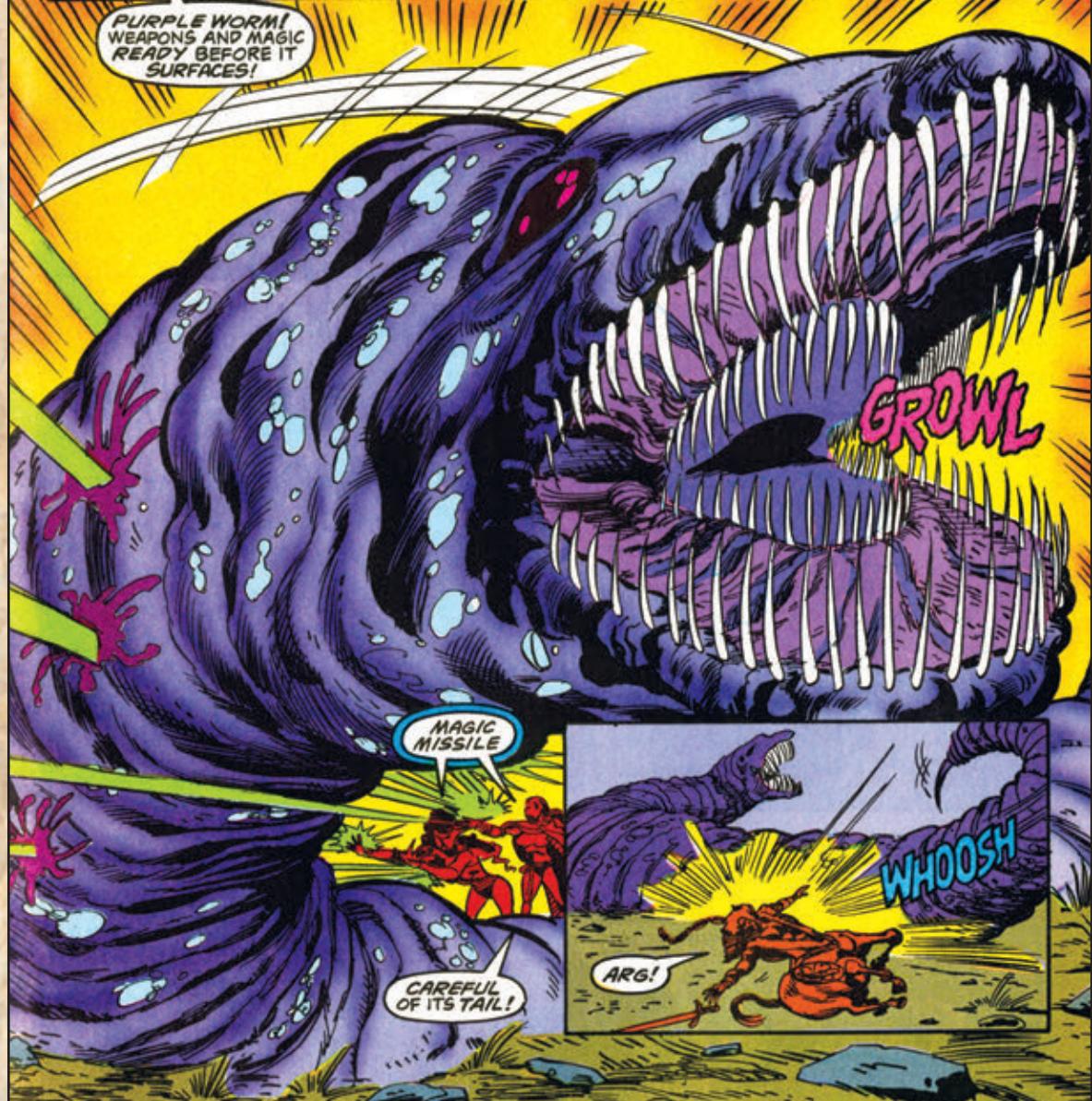






PURPLE WORM! WEAPONS AND MAGIC READY BEFORE IT SURFACES!

RUMBLE

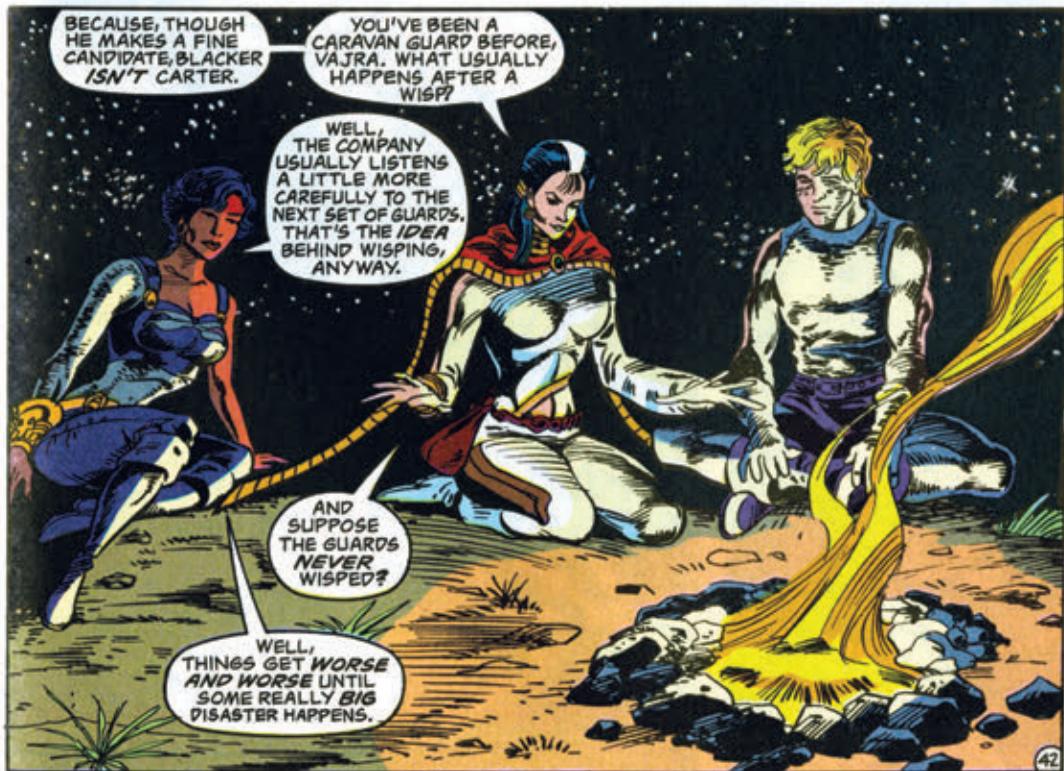


GROWL









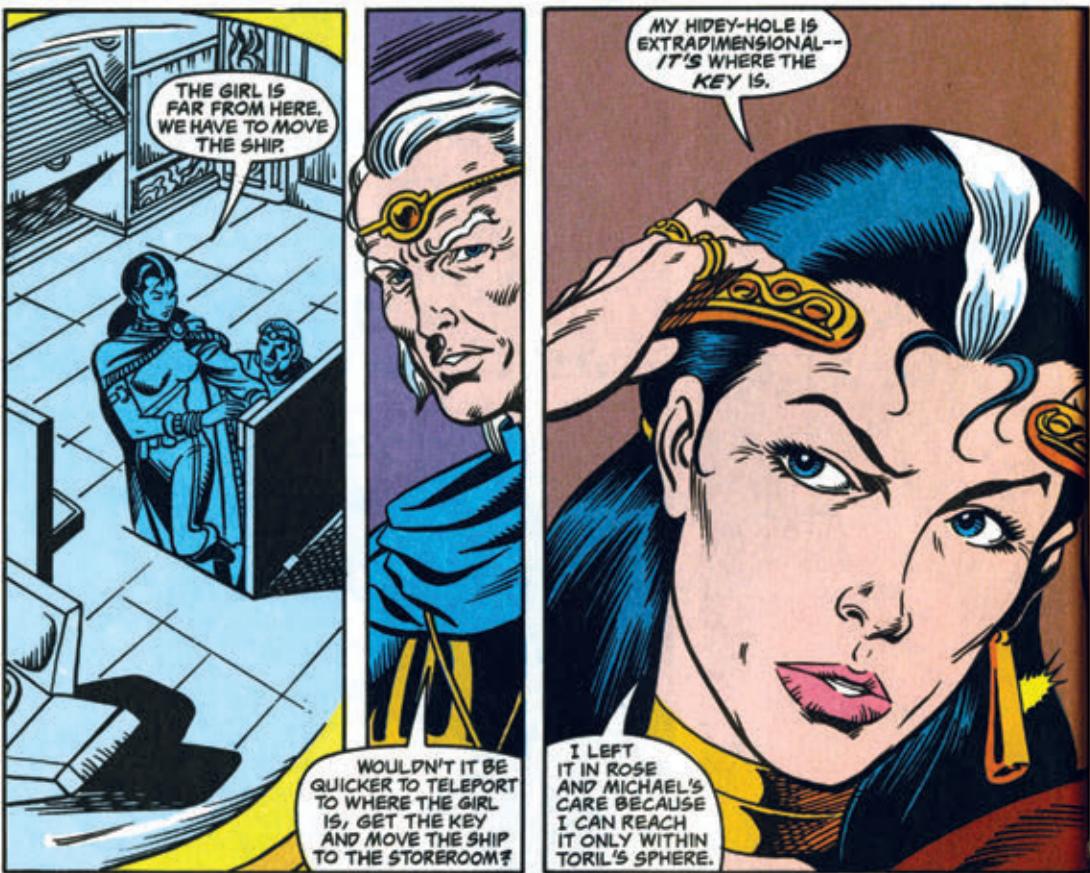
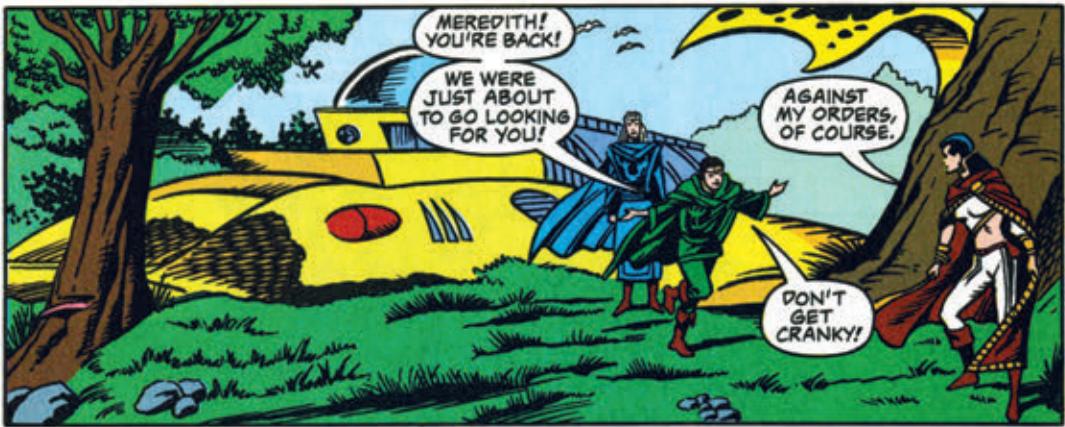






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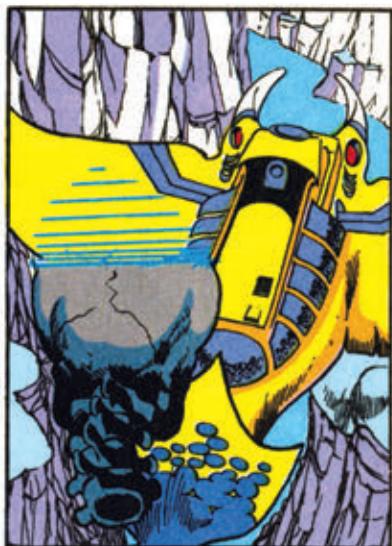








TELEPORT





























CHAPTER 5

WELCOME ABOARD, JASMINE. CARE FOR A PERSONAL TOUR?

NOT REALLY. LET'S JUST GET BACK TO WATERDEEP AND GET YOU YOUR CREWPEOPLE.

YOU REMEMBER HOW TO GET TO WATERDEEP, DON'T YOU, MEREDITH?

SHOULD I FLY OUT FRONT AND LEAD YOU?

THANK YOU, JASMINE, IS IT, BUT THAT'S NOT NECESSARY.

JUST RELAX AND POINT OUT THE LANDMARKS...

...LIKE THAT CIRCLE OF STONES—I DON'T REMEMBER SEEING IT BEFORE. IS IT NEW?

AS FAR AS I KNOW, IT'S ALWAYS BEEN THERE.

WE HAVE ONE OF THOSE AT HOME--THE SIGN OF UNIVERSAL HARMONY AND PEACE.

WHERE'S HOME?

UNIPAXALA. AN ASTEROID WORLD. VERY BEAUTIFUL. SURROUNDED BY A SKY FULL OF ROMANTIC STARS--

ASTEROID? YUK!

WHO'D WANT TO LIVE ON DEAD ROCK--NO TREES, NO SOIL--NO SKY!

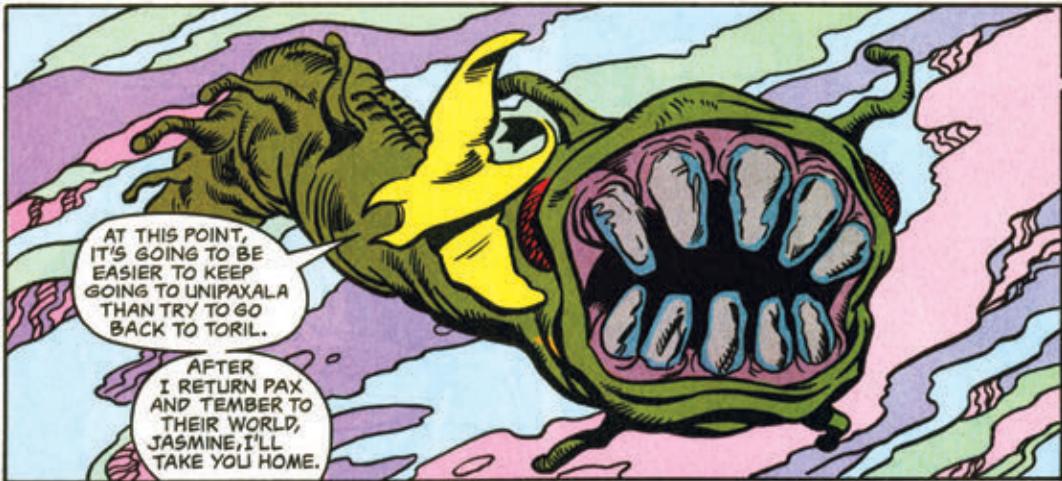
YOU GROUNDLING-- YOU ALL GET POUTY IF YOU CAN'T ROLL IN MUD!

YEAH? WELL, YOU SPACERS ARE AS DULL AS THE ROCKS YOU LIVE ON!

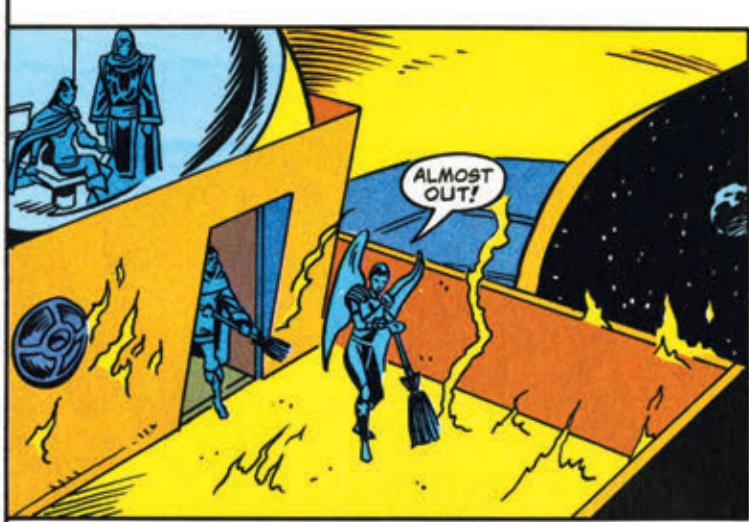




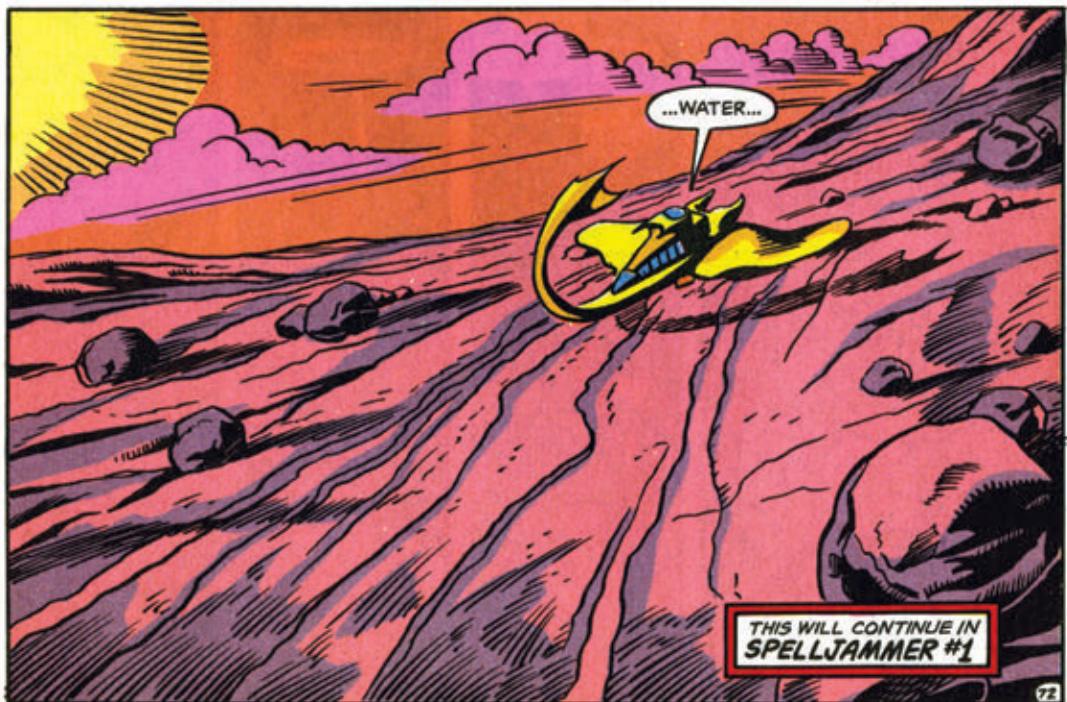














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